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The Father's Sin.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07.

Persons.

JOHN MEDLEY AND HIS WIFE CATHERINE.

SCENE I.

Covington, Kentucky. In the garden behind Medley's house. John is sitting in the green-house just finished cleaning his gun.

JOHN.

The glittering morning trips across the fields,
Spreading a charm over the dimpled stream.
The buds of the young year incarnadine
And tender myrtle creep along the walk
Unto the house, where the young suckling vine
Clasps with its infant hands the cottage wall.
Would I could move forever 'neath the vault
Of this blue smiling heaven of the South,
As happy as a bird about its nest,
When faint from the pure sweetness of the rose
Enter my house and gaze upon the face
Of my bright babe throned in its mother's arms
Crowned with the glory of a summer morn.

(Singing is heard from within the house.)

Sleep, my babe, my child,
Rest be thine,
Sweet thy sleep and mild,
Baby mine.

Sad is my heart where your little head lies,
Glowing the tear-drops that gleam in my eyes.
Sleep on my breast
Cuddled to rest;
Father is leaving his babe in the nest.

JOHN.

I fear the little maid bosoms a grief
Deep as the sleeping pools of Hecuba.
It is not just to crush a flower so sweet,
And yet the flowers upon my father's grave
Cry out the promise that I made to him.
I'll kill the Drakes; I've sworn to kill or die.
O Father, give my tender blossom strength
To grow and flourish through the winter's frost
Under the sunshine of my baby's smile
Until I come to her and part no more.

(He gets up and moves toward the house; his wife comes out of the house carrying the sleeping child.)

JOHN. Asleep so soon?

CATH. Asleep.

JOHN. Sweet be his rest.

So from him I will move against the feud,
And do the dreaded work that I have sworn.
And you, my pearl, that I have coveted,
Good-bye. I'll see you in the breaking dawn,
And think the light streams from your waking eyes,
And when the last beam deadens in the west
I'll see you wrapped in sleep beside the child.

(He turns to go.)

CATH.

Here by the white soul of your infant child
That bears the image of his father's face,
I pray you stay with me for his sweet sake.
Scarcely two moons have passed since he did learn
To know thy face and lisp his father's name,
And now you will away against the feud
Make clamorous war within the womb of peace
Until the quiet dreamer's grown aghast.
Oh, if you ever loved your infant—stay—
Your father will forgive the word you spoke
And bless you for the peace that you have loved.

JOHN.

Nay, though my heart is sore to part from you,
To leave my home, my child and all I love,
I've sworn to go. Farewell, until I come.
Farewell, my child. Oh, that I could but stay—
I never loved you as I do to-day!

SCENE II.—*A room in the cottage three months afterwards. The moonlight streams in the window upon the bed. Catherine is pacing up and down with the child.*

Lo! how his temples burn, his eyes are set,
His little heart throbs wild against his breast;

He sleeps not, and the fever having calmed,
Grows pale as death and stares, then burns again.
O God! the grief and pain that's sown with love
Grows up around us, stunts and stifles us,
Until it bends us low beneath a weight
Unbearable to flesh and blood and bone.

(She goes to the window and looks out.)

Oh, that his father were at home to-night
To see his child wasting without relief,
The pallor of grim death upon his brow
Where the bright star of youth did lately burn.
Good God, who measures out our destinies,
Forgive the father's sin and save the child!
Spread over him Thy wings and from the storm
Shelter my son, my pearl, my blushing flower.

(She looks down at the child.)

Alas! his eyes are glassed, his limbs are cold,
His little heart hath beat his last breath out;
The child I love, that fed upon my breast,
Lies cold and stark, frost-bitten in the bud.

(She places him in the bed.)

My heart did live in you and with you die;
Grief takes its place and nourishes my veins.

(She kneels by the bed and buries her face in it.)

SCENE III.—*The garden into which her room
opens. The same night. John Medley
rides up the path.*

JOHN.

How soft the moonlight falls across the road,
The still stars silver in the brow of night,
And all is calm save where the darting bat
Calls to the dazed owl that mocks the moon.
But lo! a taper burns within the room
Ah, happy day! I'll kiss her as she sleeps,
Take up the baby and press its lips to mine,
And while his breath is hot upon my face
I'll vow never to leave my home again.
No more the barbed thorn of grief shall grow
Beside the loveliest lily of the vale.

(He ties his horse at the gate post.)

I hear an angel voice above the winds
As on the morning when we said good-bye.

(Singing within.)

Gone my blossom from my side,
Stiffened in the frozen tide.

God above!

What grief is left to me,—

Misery, O misery,

Born of love.

Which is sweeter—death or pain?

Never in my heart again

Love shall glow.

Down the darkening path of life,

Childless mother, hapless wife,
Sad I go.

Ne'er have I heard such words from her before;
Her heart has grown sad, her voice more sweet.
How like an angel's strain her sadness falls,
Upon the still soft air.

But linger not.

*(He opens the door. The child is still upon the
bed. Its mother kneeling, her face buried in the
bed. The moonlight is falling upon all.)*

JOHN.

Great God! turn back the mighty wheels of time;
Place me again upon the stubbled field
A barefoot boy untaught in maiden's love,
In father's care and griefs and miseries;
Let the glad brook leap gay as my young heart,
The meadows roll on in eternal green,
The poppies color all the garden beds,
But let me die before the winter comes.

(He walks over to the bed and stands over her.)

Sweet maiden lovely as the full-blown star,
In your frail form a mighty spirit lives
That burnest through the night of pain and grief
Lighting the darkening way for weaker souls.

(He lifts her up.)

How like a candle you have shrunk away.
The rose has deadened on your pallid cheek;
Those eyes which were the beacon lights of home;
The very heaven and joy of baby land,
Are quenched beneath a mighty flow of tears
Because I've sinned! O God! must woman's heart
Bear all the wrongs of men, be crushed and bleed
For the rough untaught sinner that they love.

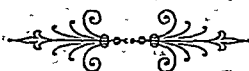
(She comes to herself.)

CATH.

Too late, alas! the hour is overpast.
Death rose and smiled upon our infant child,
Stole the life-glow out of his burning limbs,
Quick as the piercing dart which strikes the deer.
Would that you had not gone, that you were here;
But all is gone, the hour is overpast.

JOHN.

'Twere sweet to die, 'tis brave to live and hope,
The thorns give strength and beauty to the rose.
Until this day we were but wed in love,
Grief seals us now and with a stronger band.
This is our wedding day, and till the years
Fall from life's tree as seared, withered leaves,
And leave me out against the winter's blast,
I shall not leave you. Like the spotless lamb,
This speechless babe hath been the recompense
Whose young life hath burned out to purge my sin,
And he shall be the star leading us on
Through gloom and darkness till the night is gone.



Dreamland.

WILLIAM F. CUNNINGHAM, '07.

FAR out in the ocean of fancy
There slumbers a beautiful isle,
And oft in my dreaming I sail there
To dwell for a little while

Away from the toil and trouble
Which haunts this dull world of strife,
Away from the care and the worry
Which wrinkles the brow of life.

'Tis there that the flowers bloom brightest,
The birds their sweetest notes sing,
And the breezes of that land are scented
With the breath of perpetual spring.

So oft when the dark cloud of trouble
Has obscured for a time the sun's beams
I launch forth in the bright ship of fancy
And sail to this island of dreams.

The Last Resource.

EDWARD F. O'FLYNN, '07.



RICHARDS," said one of the big fellows as Sterling passed out the door of the Buffet, "I don't like that man."

"So, Jack, why?"

"Oh, I don't. You know he's sort of a wise one, and I can't like his kind.

"Hem," answered Richards. "Why, Jack, I never took much stock of him, in fact, not enough to dislike him."

They nibbled over their glasses and the barman came over and took their order.

"I guess I started hating him last spring down at Goldfield. You know I got the craze with the rest of them and got mixed up in gold.

"Yes," answered Richards.

"Well, we had a little trouble down there, this man Sterling and I."

"About the claim?"

"No, not exactly, something more than money."

"A girl, then!"

"Yes, a girl, and a pretty girl too, Jack; eyes that make a man forget and think too much all at once. She came down with her father and they lived there—she an angel around the old man's place, while he looked after the Haven property. That's where I met her and fell steeped into it."

"Naturally,—but about Sterling?"

"Well, she wouldn't have anything to do with me and here's where he came in. He'd been in the law business down there and was doing fairly well, and being a sort of a prominent fellow around he fell in with the old man. By degrees he got on the good side of the girl. But the old duck was shrewd and jealous. He wanted Sterling to use, but he balked on family affairs. You see the old man wasn't down there to do any good for the Raven people or the folks of Goldfield, he was a mit-out-for-myself, and of course tried to saddle Sterling. So far so good, but "Blanche Rador wasn't for anybody in Goldfield." That's how the old boy got to hate Sterling. He hated him because *he* wanted the girl, I because *he* had her.

The barman came again and filled their orders and heated by the drink Jack Slick told the story of Sterling and the girl. How he fought to get her and how Sterling "beat his time." The story was a long one and many times the barman paragraphed it with Bourbon.

"Day by day I grew to hate him worse," stuttered the drunken Jack to his listening friend, "and I made up my mind he'd get. But he beat me to it, Jack, and I admit he handed me a full round. We fought for an hour till bleeding and wasted I told him I had enough. Rich—old—boy, I'm a good man, but damn him, he beat me to it, but I swear—Rich—he'll never marry that girl. The old man won't let him, and—Rich—

I won't, and I'll kill him yet." He stared out from under his bushy brows through the drunken eyes at Richards, and stretching his hand across the table grabbed his friend: "We'll get him, Rich," he said, and they staggered to their feet and swore "to kill the damned lawyer."

"Hic, we'll get him, you bet—get—him," they muttered as they rolled out into the street, and wobbled down to their rooming house. As they did so they passed Sterling's friend, Weber. Weber heard the remark, and looked back after the men. Next day he went up town to Sterling's office and told him what he had heard.

"Yes," replied Sterling, "he probably meant me. You know he and I had some trouble about the Radors while at Goldfield. It arose partly over the disappearance of valuable Raven papers. After the papers were gone suspicion fell on old man Rador and he went down fast in Goldfield. That's why he came up here. It also arose from the hate Slick bore me and I him because of the girl. One night Slick was unusually talkative, and forgetting himself he launched in upon the Radors. He was unusually copious about how the old man was mixed up with the disappearance of the papers. I didn't care about that, but when he didn't stop there, but started in on the girl—well you know the rest and how he stopped."

"So that's it," Weber said. "Well what are you going to do about the girl?"

"We're going away to-morrow evening and what will seem to be an innocent drive will probably be an elopement." Weber was silent for a moment.

"And, Sterling, what part am I to play?"

"Well, I had thought you might make a good witness at the other end. There won't be any big organ pealing out 'promise me,' nor any long aisle strewn with flowers for the bride, but we will manage. Will you come to-morrow evening at eight?"

The day wore on and the next afternoon found Weber at the Buffet. Slick and Richards were there also, and sat at the same table as on the night they had the talk. The phone rang, and the man who answered motioned to Weber. Slick saw the significance of it and nudged his friend. They both went on talking, and Weber unaware of what he had said answered:

"All right, at River Crossing at eight!" Then he dropped the receiver and hurried out, still unaware of Slick and his friend.

"River Crossing at eight," Slick murmured. Then he thought a minute and looking up at his friend said, "By George, Rich, that was Sterling and there'll be something doing to-night." So they drank again and wondered what was doing."

"At any rate, Jack," said Richards, "it won't hurt for us to be there too. It will be sport if nothing else comes from it."

"All right. Thanks Rich, I think it will be more than that."

That evening found them early at River Crossing. It was a delightful evening fit for one thing, but that was not waylaying lovers. Above, the night looked like a princess' robe gemmed with stars, while the long country road that ran away into the west was guarded in by hedges that looked dark in the moon's light of silver. Looking up the road the waylayers saw a man coming toward them.

"Look closer, Jack, said Richards, if its Weber I'll cross over to the other side and meet him part the way up."

It was Weber, and Richards started out. He had only gone a short way though, when he saw probably a few rods away a carriage coming and at good speed.

"We must act quick," said Slick, and Richards emerged from his hiding-place just as Weber came up in front of him.

"Well," he said and the astonished Weber fell back; looking closer he saw it was one of the men he had passed three nights ago.

"Well, damn you, come on," Weber said, and they both started. Richards was going down and almost out when his helper came up, but the appearance of the carriage turned Slick's attention another way.

"Oh no! you don't, Mr. Sterling, not when Jack Slick's around, and he sprang on the hub of the wheel. He slipped, and while the girl fainted Sterling brought the horse up quick. The carriage stopped and backed up in time, bringing in its wheel the legs of Jack Slick.

Realizing the dangerous position of the man, Sterling jumped from his seat, extricated the uninjured but frightened Slick from the wheels, but before he did so he picked up the revolver that lay on the ground.

"Stand up, my man," he said to the dusty Slick.

"Now, Slick, I pummelled you once before, but I haven't time to-night, we can use you, and you just better trot along side of us as we drive over to Father Darving's."

Sterling looked around and up the road, in the foreground he could see Richards still taking care of his own, while probably a mile away arose a cloud of dust.

"You see, Slick, we haven't time to talk, we're in an awful hurry, and if you just brush off your clothes as you run along, we'll be much obliged. Run on," he said as he pulled the gun from his pocket and pointed it dangerously at Slick.

"You'll have to jog along a bit faster to keep up, he said, Papa Rador is gaining on us."

"What do you want with me?" grunted Slick as he panted along.

"Oh, you'll be a witness to our wedding, Jack."

"Like H—

"Look out, Jack, yours is a good gun. And you will. We had counted on Weber, but he got in trouble up the road a bit and we're in a hurry, Jack. Weber always was looking for trouble," he laughed at the perspiring, dusty man.

They drew up at the priest's house, and a quarter mile behind there came the frantic shouts and wavings of a wild man in a carriage.

"Right in here, Jack." Sterling pointed the way and helped the frightened girl from the carriage, who despite her scare laughed.

"Yes, Sterling, Father, and our witness, Jack Slick."

The priest looked Slick over.

"A bit dusty, Father, and a bumped head, but we hadn't time to wait."

Then came Slick's turn to laugh and with the cloud of dust nearing the house he broke out: "An unwilling witness is not binding."

The priest started back, the girl grew pale, and for a moment Sterling stared blankly at the man. Now the cloud of dust was very close and but a few rods away. Slick looked out the window and laughed.

"But we'll make you a willing witness, Jack," came from Sterling who recovered himself.—"Like—"

"That'll do," from Sterling. "And you'll

act, too." Then he slipped over and whispered something to him. Like a flash of lightning the man started; he choked a curse, and staring at Sterling said to the priest:

"I will act." And so just as J. P. Roder, fuming and perspiring rang the door bell Father Darving said the blessing over them and even Slick knelt. J. P. took it as best he could, and seeing all was over let Father Darving console him. Then the party broke up, and the Sterlings went back up the way they came, to meet Weber who was taking care of Richards.

"Oh Dick," said the girl to him, "I was so frightened."

"And I too, girl, he—"

"But, Dick, what brought him."

"Well, you know the disappearance of those Raven papers."

The girl grew pale at this—the disappearance of the Raven papers always linked things with her father and the suspicions at Goldfield. Then for a moment she turned in anger to him:

"And you knew it all the time and let papa be suspected."

It was Sterling's turn now to color.

"No, little girl; I just knew it now. It's what detectives call the 'Last Resource,' and when all means fail they accost the suspected with the crime, as though they knew. If the suspect wilts—"

"He will act," she remembered and broke in. Then she kissed him prettily, which was very proper for a young married girl to do.

In Exile.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '06.

A WIND comes over my heart, asthore,
With a shaking of silver wings,
From the green, far hills I shall see no more,
Where your morning linnet sings.

There comes to me now like a flutter of leaves,
The lilt of a tune and the tap of a shoe—
My heart at the memory throbs and heaves
Of the voice and the looks of you.

Over the wind-vexed, sobbing seas
My dream-faint eyes now stray;
I am borne by a lilt on the evening's breeze
To a vanished Patrick's Day.

—New York Sun.

The Stream.

LOUDLY rumbling, tumbling onward
Goes the little woodland stream,
Hissing, writhing, rushing downward,
Troubled as a school-boy's dream.

As I sit and dream beside it,
List'ning idly to its roar,
Days long since from these divided,
Come to me in dreams once more.

Whirling, frothing, each small eddy
Carries off my soul in joy,
Leaves me sighing in my fancy,
Dreaming I'm again a boy.

Once again I hear the babbling,
Once again I am a child,
Once again my feet are dabbling,
In the water clear and mild.

Soft the western wind is sighing
In the dusky forest trees,
Slowly too the light is dying
Over yonder smiling leas.

Sweet the truth that fancy brings me
Mingled with the forest's sigh,
This the glad refrain it sings me:—
"Boyhood mem'ries live for aye." G. B.

The Light of the World.

FRANCIS T. MAHER, '08.



R. HOLMAN HUNT, in his painting "The Light of the World," has expressed one of the tenderest and most consoling of Scriptural passages: "Behold I stand at the door and knock."

At the left of the picture is shown the door of the soul, shut fast and stoutly barred and grown over with wild vines and brambles. Christ approaches it in the night time. He is clad in a long, white garment and wears a richly jeweled cope, the insignia of His eternal priesthood. On His head He bears a crown of thorns entwined with a crown of gold, and in His hand He carries a lantern. He pauses before the closed door, knocks and awaits admittance. In front of the door rank vegetation and wild brambles have taken fast hold, and have sprung up so thickly as to bar approach. An effort to throw open the door would appear fruitless.

The unkept doorway represents the daily neglect of the soul and the evil habits which, when not diligently uprooted, hold the soul close barred against the entrance of divine light. Such habits show themselves at first as attractive and as pleasing as the soft green leaves near the bottom

of the picture, but later the sharp, cruel thorns that clasp the soul relentlessly and shut it out from the light of grace are sure to manifest themselves.

Overhead in the portals of the door a foul bat flutters, disturbed and affrighted by the presence of such radiant light. The bat is typical of ignorance that finds its proper abiding place in the murky chambers of benighted souls.

They have climbed—these wild growths—till they have all but reached the topmost part of the door, and they have branched again and again with remarkable virility; already the wild ivy has reached the top and now its tendrils stretch downward to clutch the brambles. Soon an impenetrable network will shut the soul in lamentable darkness and obscurity.

It is thus in the night time of the soul that the "Light of the World" has come with His twofold radiance to one of those that "Sit in darkness and in the shadow of death." The light of the lantern is a fierce, red light that will doubtless be trying to eyes long accustomed to darkness and shadow. Its light is the flame of conscience, that illumines equally the tangle of weeds before the door and the apples that have fallen in the grass from the trees of the orchard. The soul in its awakening must take account not only of committed but also of hereditary guilt. When, finally, it opens to the persistent yet patient knocking

of the Lord its eyes will at first be hurt by the fierce glare of the lantern; the pricks and stings of conscience are always painful to the convalescent spirit, but gradually the mild, mellow glow that forms the halo of the Saviour's head—the light of hope and peace—will flood the darkened chambers of the soul till it, like the orchard without, is resplendent with a calm, serene and joyful brightness.

The figure of the Christ draws our attention in a very special manner. He is, as the Apocalypse describes Him, "One like to the Son of Man, clothed with a garment down to the foot." Over the long white robe is clasped a royal mantle set with jewels, and His head is crowned with a kingly diadem. But then, the crown of thorns is entwined with the crown of gold—not dead, dry thorns any more, but now bearing soft, green leaves and coursing with vitalizing sap, for they have drunk deep of the fountains of Life. One crown shows the right of the Christ to rule over kings, and the other, His right to love and to save souls.

His feet are bare as in the days of His public life when He walked the dusty roadways of Galilee seeking out the lost sheep of the House of Israel. What does the King so far from His kingdom? Where are the bands of holy angels and the countless army of saints that attend and serve Him in His Father's House? He has forsaken them all to come down once more to light the way of a soul in darkness.

The face of the Christ is one that will not soon be forgotten. Beautiful it is with the perfection of human beauty strengthened and glorified by the Divinity within—"He was beautiful among the children of men." But the expression on that face is the expression of unutterable sadness: those eyes with their strained look of expectancy, that troubled forehead, the parted lips, and the head bent forward to catch the faintest whisper of response—all tell of a fruitless mission, of a heart that bleeds for blindness that will not see. If that soul arouses itself from the lethargy that is most like death, and catches the gentle knocking and the sad, low tones of the Saviour's voice: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice and open the door I will come unto him, and will sup with him and he with Me,"—if the red rays of the lantern

or the mellow, golden beams of the halo find their way through the cracks and crevices of the door, that soul will surely fling wide the portals, tear away the weeds and brambles, and throw itself at its Saviour's feet. In tearful accents it will mingle self-reproach with its welcome to the divine Visitor:

"Lord, what am I that with unceasing care
Thou didst seek after me; that Thou didst wait
Wet with unhealthy dews before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
Oh strange delusion! that I did not greet
Thy blessed approach. And O to heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon Thy feet.

"How oft my guardian angel gently cried:
'Soul, from thy casement look without and see
How He persists to knock and wait for thee.'
And oh! how often to that voice of sorrow:
'To-morrow we will open,' I replied,
And when to-morrow came, I answered still—'To-morrow.'"

But alas! that lethargy is so *much* like death, and that matted tangle of vines will scarce permit a ray of light to penetrate it.

The "Light of the World" is one of Mr. Hunt's happiest achievements. On this, as on all of his other paintings, he worked with faithful perseverance. He is a true, a representative disciple of the Pre-Raphaelite School of which he was also one of the three original founders.

The fundamental teaching of the Pre-Raphaelite School is "to represent objects exactly as they would appear in nature, in the position and at the distances which the arrangement of the picture supposes." This teaching is well exemplified in the "Light of the World" in the uncertain outlines of the ivy leaves, the doubtful shape of the jewels that ornament the border of the royal robe, and the blurred points of light that represent distant stars. The mind grasps and appreciates these proper perspective values, and readily fills in from imagination the beauty and distinctness that is lost by distance.

The Pre-Raphaelite will not sacrifice truth to beauty. While disciples of other schools will use light and shadow and color in unnatural proportions in an effort to enhance the effect of their paintings, the Pre-Raphaelite will show the picture just as the eye sees it in nature; to him it is sufficient that "Beauty is truth; truth, beauty."

"These Many Days."

THESE many days I've longed to come to thee
 Since o'er the hyacinthine main I sailed,
 And slowly passing with loud voice I hailed
 Thy silent bark sailing th' eternal sea.
 With smiles the gods above have looked on me
 Till Fortune, captive at my footsteps, trailed
 Nor ever at Time's passage have I railed
 Nor stormed at Fate's immutable decree.

But now my sands are running to their close,
 No more for me the roaring seas and bays,
 The moaning waves, the wind that singing blows.
 At last I come where Peace immortal stays
 Amid the perfumed blossoms of the rose
 To thee I come after these many days.

H. L.

"You're on," replied Berry, "of all the wild men I know, you win. If you can get your money's worth seeing me talk to some girl for five minutes—well, as I said, you're on."

Easter Sunday morning found Berry and Walters in the Park. The weather was more than favorable. The sun shone brightly through the large trees on either side of the walks, the grass had taken on the greenish tint; the buds were already breaking on the trees, and it was surely spring. Women and children lined the walks and filled the benches. Now and then a policeman rolled into view, already moving in his summer-stride. The scene was a most peaceful and happy one. The fever had caught everyone, and the romping children soon tired and were content to sit beside their nurses in quiet submission. Walters had in mind a certain Miss Utley, a young lady whom he had attempted to meet once by means of the professional smile. He knew she was in town, for he had seen her the day before; in fact, he knew all about her, where she lived and who it was she was visiting in Salix. As he and Berry turned off the main walk he saw her seated on a bench by the lagoon. Immediately he pointed her out to Berry and stepped behind one of the numerous bushes that line the walk. Without a moment's hesitation Berry walked up to the young lady and in his most suave tone said:

"It is a beautiful Easter morning!"

But the girl, whether she did not hear him, or did not want to, did not even turn her head.

"I said," Berry repeated, "it is a beautiful Easter morning!"

"Sir?"

"A beautiful morning. Don't you think so?"

"I might think so," she replied, "if—"

A Winning Loser.

ROBERT L. BRACKEN, '08.



NOW, I'll tell you what I'll do, Berry, I'll call that bet square if on Easter Sunday morning, providing the weather is favorable—I'll call that bet off, I say, if you will come over to Barker's Park with me, and to the girl I point out you will go up to her and talk to her for five minutes by the watch without allowing her to get up and leave you, or without getting run in. Remember, though, it's the girl I point out, no matter who or what she is."

"I know," he said, "if I would go away, but I won't, in fact—"

"Will you make it necessary for me to call a policeman, or shall I have to move myself?"

"I wouldn't call a policeman, if I were you. Really I wouldn't. Then, too," he added, "I wouldn't have you move either, for you see I am making—"

"One would think," interrupted the young lady, "that you were a gentleman, Mr.—whatever your name is—but either—"

"Thank you," Berry cut in. "I am. My name is—"

"It makes not the slightest difference to me what your name is, my only wish at present is that you go away and leave me."

She was angry now and two little tears appeared in the corner of each blue eye. Berry pulled out his watch and looked at it. He knew Walters was looking, and as much as he would like to have gone he decided that it was impossible, for he was within two minutes of a hundred dollars, and anyhow he really was not hurting anyone.

"I really would be glad to go," he said; "that is, I hate to trouble you, but—" A most foolish idea struck him, and for the

moment he thought it was quite brilliant, so he said: "I am looking for a match."

"Sir!" and she flashed a look at him that told him too plainly what he had done.

Under his breath he muttered a few justifiable damns, for he had not intended to insult the girl.

"Pardon me," he hastily added, "a match to light this," and he pulled a cigarette from his pocket. That helped a little, but the girl very sarcastically asked:

"And did you think I had a match?"

"Why, you see"—She had him going now and he knew it. She was pretty, too, as he noticed the pretty mouth and eyes, and he kicked himself that he had ever got into such a mess, for he was certain he would like the girl if he only knew her—"Why, you see," he repeated, "I knew you didn't have one; I only said that to have something to say."

The pretty little mouth which had begun to soften into a smile at his confusion drew tight, and an expression of fear appeared again upon her face. Perhaps the man is crazy, she thought. Berry was still holding the watch and it lacked but thirty seconds to the five minutes, so he repeated once more:

"Now it is a beautiful morning?" And the girl, fearing to contradict him, replied sweetly:

"It is indeed a beautiful morning."

"Time," exclaimed the young man putting the watch in his pocket. "I again beg your pardon," he began, and then noticing the growing look of terror that his last exclamation had upon the young lady's face, he hastily added: "Really I'm not crazy, I am though pretty near it, I guess." And then he explained the whole thing, but for some unknown reason neglected to tell her that Walters was that very moment standing behind a bush a little way down the walk. When he had finished his explanation he asked once more: "And now that I have at least attempted to excuse myself, I add: is it not a nice morning?"

And then somehow they drifted onto other subjects, and when Walters, growing tired in his place of hiding, came up the walk, Berry was seated on the bench beside the girl peacefully contented and holding a most interesting conversation with her.

Walking up to them Walters looked very innocently at Berry and said:

"Good morning!"

The girl stared at him and said nothing. Berry was about to answer him when he got another idea—the second one that morning. So he stared too, but said:

"My dear, sir, you're in the wrong."

"What!" exclaimed the astonished Walters.

"I said," repeated Berry, "you're wrong—I don't know you—you're mistaken. We are not the people whom you think we are. In as plain a way as I can say it—you're wrong. Do you know what that means?"

"Well, I'll be damned!" exploded the bewildered Walters.

"Sir, you will kindly remember that ladies are present."

"This beats me," was all Walters could say.

"I assure you, whoever you are, that I could beat you much more thoroughly, but I presume you are one of those fresh young men, just out of college perhaps, who imagines that he has learned the art of butting in most professionally; but now, boy, you will please run away, for we can't use you." Berry said all that without taking a breath, and having delivered himself of such an outburst he settled back in his seat quite satisfied with his remark.

The girl had enjoyed the repartee immensely as she recognized Walters as the gentleman who had attempted to meet her by offering her his own handkerchief asking her if she did not drop it.

But instead of going Walters said:

"Come, old man, your game is a good one, but it doesn't go here, you know."

Berry turned to the young lady at his side and said:

"I beg your pardon, Miss"—the girl whispered her name, for she would not for the world have Walters know that her companion did not know her,—"*but*," continued Berry, "I will have to give this young man a few lessons in the manly art." He started to arise, but the girl detained him by holding his arm.

"Don't make a scene," she asked. "Won't you please go away?" she said, addressing herself to Walters. And Walters showed his blood at last.

"I bow," he began, "to you, Berry, and to your friend. Whatever it is, you win." And he went off down the path.

After he had gone the girl decided that it was time she was returning home; that is, to the place where she was visiting, and fearing that the ungentlemanly gentleman might accost her again Berry went with her. On the way the girl told Berry she was visiting with a certain Miss Reed, and it happened that Berry had known Miss Reed all his life. Just as they reached Reed's gate they met Miss Reed coming out, and seeing them she exclaimed:

"What! you two know each other? I have been planning for a year to have you meet."

"Oh, yes, yes, I know her," replied the suave Berry; "in fact, I have known her—"

"Oh, we met last summer in Dixon," said the girl.

"Yes," replied Berry, "in Dixon. We are, in fact, old friends."

"Well, exclaimed the astonished Miss Reed, I'm glad, for you know I think you're both pretty nice. Berry, you get Tom Walters and come over to-night, will you?" And with Berry's "Delighted," she told them she must leave them and would expect to see him that night.

Berry, able to stand it no longer, told the girl who Walters was, and what they had done to him, adding, "He's my best friend."

But being a girl, the young lady remembered that Walters had tried to flirt with her once, and was not in the least sorry for what they had done, and being a thoughtful girl, an extremely thoughtful girl, she forgot that Berry had done almost the same thing.

Berry had a hard time explaining the joke to Walters and a still harder time in persuading him to go over to Reed's with him, but eight o'clock found them at Reed's door. When Miss Reed introduced Walters to Miss Utley, the girl very graciously said:

"How do you do, Mr. Walters, I'm glad to know you."

With the accent that took away all disrespect and a look which was perfectly understood, Walters said:

"Don't mention," and then added slowly: "The pleasure is mine." Quick as a flash the girl replied very innocently:

"I won't—never."

Easter Morning.

THEY'VE fled—the watch of starry eyes—
And out from Night's dark prison
In Easter's dawn empurpled skies
The Lord of Day is risen!

F. T. M.

The Wandering Jew.

WILLIAM F. CUNNINGHAM, '07.



IN the folklore of nearly every nation there are found certain popular fables which seem to have wandered all over the earth and established themselves in the imaginations of the different peoples. Among these has been the universal and favorite fiction of time, sparing in its flight some solitary human being before whose eyes century after century rolls by, while for him age brings no decay and life no end. Such a man is a chain rather than a link between our time and the early periods of civilization, and naturally forms a centre around which may be wound the thread of many a myth and legend.

The tales dealing with Christian subjects, as a rule, seem to be based on unwarranted interpretation of passages of the Sacred Writings. Thus it was related of St. John—of whom our Lord said to Peter: "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?"—that he slept at Ephesus awaiting the summons to come forth in the last day and bear testimony against Antichrist. In the same manner from the words of Christ, "There are some of them standing here who shall not taste death till they see the Son of Man coming in His kingdom" (St. Math. xvi, 28), it has been believed that this prophecy was literally fulfilled by a Jew who was wandering over the face of the earth and would continue to wander until the day of judgment. The earliest mention of this mythical nomad occurs in Matthew Paris' Chronicle of English History, where an Armenian bishop relates that he had met a Jew claiming to be such a person.

This man, according to his own story, was a porter in Pilate's service at the time when Jesus was delivered up to the Jews, and as they were leading their Victim forth to be crucified, standing near the door he impiously struck our Lord with his hand, and said in mockery: "Go quicker, Jesus, go quicker; why do you loiter?" To this Jesus answered with a severe countenance: "I am going, and you shall wait till I return." So accordingly after having been baptized and become a devout Christian he was still waiting the coming of Christ.

Another account of a similar person was given by the bishop of Schleswig about the middle of the sixteenth century but differing slightly from the foregoing. In this narrative the Jew is a shoemaker who insulted Jesus while He stopped to rest at his shop-door on the way to Calvary, and bade Him hasten on. Jesus obeyed, but first addressed to the unfortunate cobbler these words: "I shall stand and rest, but thou shalt go till the last day." Still another version of the story has it that the man was a carpenter who made the cross upon which our Lord suffered.

Throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries various persons appeared at different times and in different places claiming to be the Wandering Jew, one in Brussels as late even as 1774. The stories of these persons varied slightly, but they all held to the essential feature of the myth, namely, that of a Jew who had insulted our Lord on his way to Calvary, being condemned to wander till the last day.

The frequency of the reappearance of this mythical character throughout Europe, especially during the seventeenth century, seems to indicate that the imposture was a profitable one. Yet, in these individuals there was always found the traditional silence, modesty, temperance and poverty which the earliest legend uniformly ascribes to the genuine wanderer. It was especially characteristic of the wanderer that if he ever heard anyone speak irreverently of God's death or sufferings he would become highly indignant. His appearance was always that of a man of advanced age, dressed in a long, shabby coat or cloak and wearing a bushy black beard, without doubt

the most characteristic trait of his figure.

It would be an interesting study to trace the origin of this myth, but it is a fruitless task. Unlike other popular legends, this one is already widespread and fully developed when we first hear of it. Yet it is quite evident that no impostor could have put forward such pretensions unless there had been some legend in vogue to suggest them and to induce people to accept them. Some have imagined that the wanderer is a type of the whole Jewish race, which, since it rejected the Redeemer, has been driven forth to wander over the face of the earth, but not to pass away. This, however, can hardly be, since the Jew becomes a devout Christian, and one of his principal characteristics is contempt for money. The explanation which is more generally accepted is that some pious monk borrowed an old legend, and from the words of our Lord, "There are some standing here who shall not taste death till they see the Son of Man coming in His kingdom," built upon it an allegory which would serve as a proof of the sufferings and death of Christ and of His coming at the last day. Countenance is given to this second explanation, owing to the currency which was given in the early centuries of Christianity to similar stories.

At a time when it was a question to find a substitute for the pagan authors, nothing was more natural than the worthy attempt to evolve a literature from unquestionable orthodox sources. The writer of the legend realized that the Evangelists were Synoptists, and consequently that a large field of probability adjoined the domain of truth. This was open to him. The possibility of a Christian literature, as it was understood, depended upon his power to profit of its resources. From it he might always hope to draw the novel element which would give fulness and interest to the more familiar narrative of the Evangelists. The Mormon Bible, which contains the famous visions of Moses and Abraham and purporting to be authentic, though actually written in 1812, belongs to this species of historical romance of which the Wandering Jew is an example. "The Pearl of Great Price," so dear to the latter-day-saints of Utah, is probably the most recent extravaganza, seriously taken, on Biblical passages.

Sunset Valley.

PATRICK M. MALLOY, '07.

THE breath of bursting spring is about me. There lingers in the soft warm air the faintest sigh of caroled melody. The easy swaying of budded branches and the scented freshness everywhere, speak of a regenerated nature. It is eveningtide among the hills and in the valley.

To my left there is a quaint old wooden structure hid away among the jagged bluffs like some ancient English abbey. It presents a castle-like appearance with its great verandas, its many-paned windows and its gabled towers. To the westward and below lies the peaceful valley, stretching out in all its pictured beauty toward the sky-line and the setting sun.

These parts are rich in storied memories—memories that to-day come floating back across the waste of years; recollections of that blessed hour when a sainted mother, at the knee of life, wove for me out of life's love drama, stories of other days and other times amid this restful scenery.

In the almost forgotten past, one story runs: this castle (for such I love to call it) held a proud family. A vast estate stretched out on either side and far into the plains below. Thus did wealth and blood ancestry build up a sort of peerage among the simple dwellers of the land.

One of this house was a sweet-faced, brown-eyed daughter, a simple child who with the passing years budded into girlish beauty and sweetness. Hewn of the rocks of blooded caste, she was even as one of the simplest of peasant maids about her. Zealously guarded as the blossom in the unopened bud, this child-girl grew up as the flowers upon the hillside and filled her little world with the charm of her purity and simple loveliness.

Such then was Helen Haviland of Sunset Valley.

Happy indeed might she be here among her own, but the beckoning hands of a bigger world were ever calling her away.

We might as well seek to prison God's great sunbeams from the earth with tiny human hands as try to dam up the current of our destinies.

This fragile girl was as a tender petal in a May-day sun. She was of the world—a pulsing part of its hopes, its strivings and its discontents. The yearnings of the beating, youthful heart within her was for a life beyond the present settings. She longed for something broader, fuller; something beyond these stunted hills and restful valley; some realm where life would ever nourish and feed full the desires of her throbbing heart.

Ah fate! fate! whither you take us we know not; whether into shadow or sunlight—but ever do we feel the despotism of your leading hand!

The summer air is perfumed with the scent of flowers, and the jagged bluffs throw great shadowed figures on the castle gables as up the hillside from the valley toils a wearied youth in search of rest. Robert Dalton, man of cities, enters into the guarded close of that proud old family home at the hour of evening sun. Even so will he ere long unlock the secret chambers of that girlish heart, sheltered by these walls, and take rude possession of her precious love-sanctum; aye, even to the hour of entering in.

What can I say of this romance; of Dalton's cavalier appearance, and Helen's demure beauty; of his repeated visits, and their clandestine meetings; of his polish, and her inborn refinement; of his high hopes in the broad future, and of her consuming love; of his knowledge of the world and people, and her abiding confidence and trust in him in all things. Yes, gladly do I pass over it all, for the love-story of this tender girl of the hills and the man-boy of the world is sweet enough indeed, aye, sadly sweet in the light of after-years.

Oh! the heartaches that are forever flitting across the sunlit sky of human happiness; for who may tell of the great sorrow that descended upon that happy home because of this love? What of this proud old father; this monarch of the hills; this sovereign of the valley; this man and his

white-haired helpmate, who had prisoned themselves away from the world, and on this girlish creature—this sunbeam of their aging lives—had builded their hopes, and rested all their love?

A few months had slipped on since Robert Dalton climbed the steep ascent and entered into these castle domains for the first time. But in those few short months he had robbed it of its richest jewel—the fair young daughter; and so one evening as the fragrance lifted from the meadowed pastures, and the shadows sifted on the sloping hills, Dalton and his Helen girl stole softly from the home she loved, and fled down the bluffs, across the valley and into the life he knew, and the world she craved for—unsanctioned and unblessed.

Thus as the autumn leaves do fly before October blasts, so, too, does the wall of vigilance built by years crumble into nothingness before the power of woman's love first given.

But violets were never meant to bloom and blossom in a barren acre, and so the child-wife, bearing now a token of her plighted vows, soon became stifled in the choking city; and thirsting for a love that was not, forsook his world and him, and sought refuge from it all, far from the hills and further from the city.

'Tis summer again, but the years have wrought their change. There is nothing left of the proud family—nothing save the wooden castle and memories that cling about its quaint old structure. It too has changed; for now it has much the appearance of a gay summer place in the Adirondacks, for where once was seclusion and quiet, to-day is peopled and lively with public patrons.

A little brown-eyed boy, scarcely more than two is toddling down the great brick walk way. Its innocent babyish gurgle blends sweetly with the passing breeze. Surely may not such an untainted soul as this have something in common with the blossoms bursting everywhere about it. It is nearing the old rustic gate—heedless on its babyish way, caring not where the pathway leads to, knowing not the valley,

nor the sun, nor hills, nor aught of anything in life save the softness of a delicate cheek where its tiny head has often, yes, so very often, nestled in its sleep.

The child is halted in its progress, for a soft white hand is laid upon that flaxen head and the wondrous eyes look up to find a kindly face looking down upon it. He is somewhat of a mature gentleman, there is a touch of the world's success about him. A look half of amusement, half of sadness, comes into his hard grey eyes as he questions the baby figure on the walk:

"Where are you going, my man?"

To which the wondrous brown eyes make reply in a frightened stare.

"Come now, tell me, where you were running to, little one?" persists the stranger coaxingly.

The babe indicates its destination by backing up and siding round toward the old house, meanwhile keeping a pair of alarm-stricken eyes on its questioner.

But the child must be detained. There is a something in the circumstance, something in the infant's eyes and flaxen hair—a sort of fascination in the boy that in some way connects him with the castle up the walk and its memories.

The stranger by subtle approaches gains the confidence of the baby, but its fears are not all at rest, for it perches there in his arms without so much as a motion, as if in study of the man's designs.

Finally the gentleman hazards another question.

"Where is mamma?"

"Ma-ma," lisps back the burden in his arms. The man had struck upon the one great word in babydom.

"And papa, where is papa, babe?" he continued.

The question is lost on the childish ear; for in the word ma-ma there seems to be suggested to the child mind a blessed place of safety. Its lisp has grown into a little cry of: "Ma-ma—ma-ma—ma-ma." The Brown eyes rapidly fill with huge jeweled drops and now the little fists beat frantically at the hands that hold it captive.

The man is all confusion. What shall he do with this crying child? Shall he take

it to the house and there make fool explanations; shall he leave it there on the walk to cry its fill and so escape the fury of its parents? Shall he—but no need to plan on a line of action now. It is all over. For as he bends over the crying infant, in a vain effort to allay its babyish fears, he hears rapid footsteps on the walk and the rustle of a woman's skirts hurrying toward him. She gives a little scream—a sweet scream he thinks even in his confusion.

In an instant, the babe is snatched out of his hands, and its cries subside at once into frightened sobs. The man straightens up, bent upon apology, but he stands there rooted to the spot—his brain becomes a blank and all power of speech is paralyzed, for the eyes of the girlish mother, with that flaxen head, close pressed against her breast, are looking into his—she who was Helen of the Hills, and he, this man, Robert of the City. The tear-stained face of the babe between them is the face of their boy.

The years have slipped along since then till now, the hush of the hills are about me as I write. The castle modernized, but yet a castle, still remains; but it is no longer a summer place for strangers. From where I sit I hear the murmur of voices up the walk, and I catch a note of earnestness in the tone. As I turn my eyes toward the quaint old structure, I can see a white-haired couple sitting on the great veranda. There is quiet happiness written on their faces as they sit there in the mellow light of the evening sun, and I think that as the radiant sun-god sinks now behind these hills to spread a peaceful glory on the westward valley, so too these two lives before me have entered into the vale of happiness and contentment that comes with closing of life's little day.

But my muse is broken now, for I hear the voice of mother calling "Robert." Gladly do I yield up my seat at the rustic gateway, brush away the thoughts of other days and go up the walk to meet the blessed old folks as the light fades among the hilltops and the shadows of night come on.

The Return.

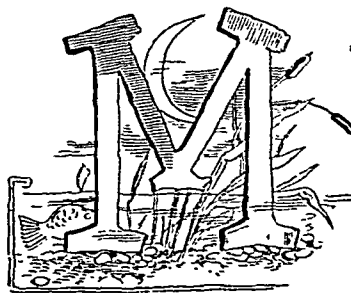
HE'S here again, I heard his silver note
Ring through the morning air across the lawn;
The harbinger that tells us Winter's dead,
The first glad ray that welcomes in the dawn.

He's here again, I saw his crimson breast
Swell with the joy that from his throbbing throat
Burst like an anthem, clear and sweet and strong,
Old Winter's knell, Spring's resurrection note.

W. J. D.

The Charm.

VARNUM A. PARRISH, '09.



EYERS pulled one shoe on, sat and thought awhile, then put the other on and thought again.

"There is no use talking," he said to himself, "I wound up that watch last night and laid it on the window-seat right beside my clothes. I remember perfectly."

He reached over to the window-seat, picked up the rest of his clothing, looking carefully for the watch as he did so. When he had finished dressing, he felt in all his pockets several times, but the timepiece was in none of them.

"Lucky I didn't have much change," he said as he pulled his hand out of his trousers pocket with a couple of nickles in it. "Funny they didn't take these. Maybe they thought I'd need them to call up the police station with. Hum, 'commodating cusses!"

"Mary," he called to his wife, who was in the kitchen.

"Well."

"Did you see anything of that watch of mine when you got up?"

"Your watch?"

"Yes, my watch. I can't find the thing any place. Somebody's been in the house last night and taken it."

"What, Oscar, you don't mean it?"

"'Course I mean it. You think I'm joking?"

The wife came rushing into the bedroom.

"Where did you leave it, Oscar?"

"Right on that window-seat." Mrs. Meyers looked around on the window-seat but to no avail.

"If that's where you left it, it's gone sure enough. Maybe they got in through one of these windows." She went to all the bedroom windows and examined them carefully. They were all fastened.

"You foolish woman! How under the sun do you expect a man could get in any of those windows? Don't you know that this is the second story and that the porch isn't on this side of the house? Do you suppose those burglars pull a hook and ladder wagon around with them?"

"That's so, I didn't think about that," said Mrs. Meyers.

"Was the back door unlocked when you went down this morning, Mary?"

"I don't know, I hadn't looked when I came up." Meyers and his wife went down to the kitchen. They found the back door locked. They examined the front door and the windows only to find that all were securely fastened.

"Queer, mighty queer. I don't for the life of me see how those cusses got in here. They are the cleverest house-breakers I ever saw. They didn't seem to do any breaking to get in. They just came in some mysterious way and went out in the same manner."

"It's a good thing they didn't come in this window or they would certainly have crushed my new Easter hat," said Mrs. Meyers as she picked up a handbox from a chair before the sitting-room window, where she had laid it the evening before upon her return from the milliner's.

"Well, it would have been a whole lot better if they hadn't come in at all," said the husband. "I am going to 'phone the police station, and then after breakfast I'll go down town and look in the pawn-shops for it. It may be there. I wouldn't lose that watch for anything."

About nine-thirty that forenoon, Meyers returned from town after a futile attempt to find either his watch or any traces of the thief. He had been to all the pawn-shops that he knew anything about, but nowhere did he find his watch. He had been at the police stations, but at none of them did he learn that the burglar had been

captured. He had about given up all hopes of ever getting the scoundrel that had taken his much-prized watch.

"Two officers were in here about forty minutes ago," said Mrs. Meyers. "They were unable to find any clues. I explained the whole affair to them, and they said that it was the cleverest piece of burglarizing they had ever seen or heard of in all their experience. The only thing they have to help them find the thief is the description of the watch."

"I guess there's no use wasting any more time about it," said Meyers. "It's gone for good, I believe. I don't think there's one chance in a thousand of catching such a thief."

Even Mrs. Morse—a woman that used to scrub and wash for Mrs. Meyers—when she came in that morning, was unable to solve the question of the thief's entrance, exit, or identity, and she could nearly always advance some theory for every mystery, crime or theft that occurred in the vicinity of Polo; but this time she was "stuck."

However, about ten thirty that forenoon, in a very unexpected manner and place, Mrs. Morse came upon the thief who had not yet left the house. He still had the stolen property in his possession. He was armed with no deadly weapons, and Mrs. Morse did not seem to be at all afraid of him. She succeeded in wresting from him the stolen goods without anyone's help. After she had deprived the thief of his spoils she called Mr. and Mrs. Meyers into the kitchen. Mrs. Morse held the thief by the nape of the neck with one hand and extended the watch to Meyers with the other. Meyers wanted to kill the rascal right there on the spot, but the two women dissuaded him from doing so. Mrs. Meyers told her husband that it would not do him any good to kill a six month old kitten even if it had caused him lots of anxiety and worry. And then Mrs. Morse told how cute the little fellow looked when, during her scrubbing, she found him under the stove, chewing on and playing with the charm which was attached to the watch.

"Well," said Mrs. Meyers, "a rabbit foot always struck me as a ridiculous thing for a charm anyway; and it certainly doesn't seem to bring good luck."

Opportunity.

AROUND you opportunities
Swarm like a horde of golden bees,
Quivering in a bright sunbeam
Errant above a shady stream
Illuming ceaseless verities
Around you.

Make sure of one before it flees,
Lest cycles of eternities
To mourn it lost too short may seem,
And in the depths its taunting gleam
But lights the boundless agonies
Around you.

H. L.

Rubens' Easter Paintings.

IGNATIUS. E. MCNAMEE, '09.



IN the old Cathedral of Antwerp, almost side by side, hang two religious paintings which, together with other of Rubens' works, have helped make Antwerp and its ancient Cathedral famous. The pictures represent the elevation and the descent from the cross respectively.

"The Elevation" is perhaps one of the most vivid yet the most unemotional interpretation of the scene that has been left us in the realm of all art. The sun, as we see it, is high in the heavens and sends a brilliant shaft of light streaming through a narrow cleft in the dark clouds, this light falling full upon a wooden cross which extends from left to right diagonally across the canvas. Eight struggling, panting soldiers, free of all war panoply, are endeavoring to force this huge cross, to which a man, little short of middle age, is nailed, into place. In the background, just over the hill-top, surges the jeering rabble, and to the left, far away, stand the towers of the Temple in Jerusalem. We can almost hear the scuffling of feet, the shouts, the suppressed ejaculations and the creak of straining ropes as the heavy tree is being pushed and jerked into an erect position, so realistic is the vivid coloring of the scene. Bowing their backs, knotting their tendons and pouring perspiration from every pore, the

workmen are exerting their every effort to raise the cross on high. The man nailed to it, too, contracts his muscles, but with Him the tension is that of pain rather than of exertion. His head has fallen to the right, and a thorn from one of the briars plaited round His brow, has penetrated that arm; this prevents the head from lolling over to the other side, the course of least resistance. A breeze tosses His matted hair, and in one spot the chin is laid bare where evidently the beard has been torn out. His eyes are turned in an almost despairing appeal to heaven; His gasping lips are parched and set; His brow contracts; His fingers clench round the nails that pierce His hands in a vain attempt to relieve the impending shock when the cross jars into its socket.

Everything is life, bloody, nervous activity. The air is filled with excitement, energetic and pitiless determination. But in the whole scene there is not a single suggestion of the Divine. The characters are human, realistic, bold and determined, but the being suspended there is not a God; he is a man—a man of intellect, a leader of men possibly—it is certain he is nothing more. The scene carries with it an atmosphere of sentiment, of reverential awe; but that feeling is the product of mere human pity rather than of religious fervor.

The other picture, the "Descent from the Cross," is probably the more popular and certainly the better known of the two; it was finished four years later. The time in this painting is evening, just before twilight, and the group of five disciples and three women are lifting the body of Mary's Son from the cross, where it has hung since mid-day. Nothing disturbs the stillness save a rustling sound as the inanimate Christ slips down the linen winding-sheet into the arms of the three Marys. How gently, how tenderly the disciples lower His body; yet their care is prompted by a spirit of respect for the dead and not by any fear, any love or reverence for their God. The only two to express a realization of the awful event now completed are Saint John and Mary, Christ's Mother. Mary, with her tearless, weeping eyes and her hand stretched out in an ecstasy of grief to touch her Son, is

probably the nearest approach to religious interpretation and the best bit of characterization in the two pictures.

All the light is gathered about the central figure and seems to be reflected from the white shroud, down which the limp body of the lifeless Christ slowly glides. But it is a ghastly light, the white, sickening pallor of death that casts an unwholesomeness over everything. We are appalled by the awfulness of the moment. If the earlier scene reeks with flesh, blood and heated action, this one is sombre, quiet, sad; yet we are affected by nothing that borders on religious sentiment. If the first painting lacks that touching elevation of true art, which is to be found in the religious painters of earlier times, this production is wanting in it to an almost absolute degree. The figures are grouped naturally, the anatomy of the Christ is superb, but there is a lack of refinement, of delicacy and suggestiveness, which the magnitude of the theme seems to require.

Just why we are struck by a marked relativity in the ardor and passionate feeling manifested in the two pictures is, possibly, not so difficult of solution as it at first would appear. The "Elevation of the Cross" was the free product of Rubens' artistic soul. It was the outburst of youthful passion and healthy, vigorous, bold conception, unaffected by any commercial consideration. But, on the other hand, the "Descent from the Cross" was painted in fulfillment of a debt. In building a house at Antwerp, so the story goes, Rubens unknowingly trespassed on ground owned by the Company of Arquibusiers. His mistake was not noticed till it was too late to be rectified; so in lieu of more acceptable terms, he agreed to paint a picture for which he was to receive from the archers, in addition to clear title to the land on which he had encroached, the sum of twenty-four hundred florins.

A difference in motive, however, is not the only explanation to be offered for the greater sincerity in the earlier painting; there is another. Four years spent in Italy, beginning after his twenty-seventh birthday, had filled the mind of Rubens with Roman ideas and with Italian technique. It burdened him with artificiality, a ten-

dency toward an imitation of old masters; it caused him to forsake the "oxen and ditch water" class of paintings, as Ruskin is pleased to characterize Flemish art. This change from passive knowledge to active art, of course, required time; it could not be realized in its fullness within a month or even a year, and, luckily, the "Elevation" was painted before the period of metamorphosis was complete.

Herein lies an explanation why so much greater virility, so much more massive Flemish stolidity, are manifest in the "Elevation" than in the "Descent from the Cross." True, the two themes demand different treatment: one is a scene of noonday, the other of night; one pictures a moment of life, of confusion, bustle and noise, the other an hour of death—death after a gigantic struggle, the placid consummation of a great task. But, making due allowance for all that, it yet remains that the "Descent from the Cross" has a more refined touch, the grouping is more painstakingly done, there is a graceful sweep to the figures that the earlier composition lacks—and this delicate, gliding curve is the net result of four years' careful study in southern Europe. The "Elevation" is rigid. It bears the stamp of Rubens' vigorous brush unaffected, or at least only slightly affected, by his Italian environment. Its muscular, half-naked soldiery contrast strangely and very favorably, too, with the full-robed disciples in the other canvas.

The earlier picture is full of energy, of strain, of excitement; it displays that full health of form, which, Fromentin claims, belonged to Rubens' manner of feeling and of painting. The later one is sodden with cold, lifeless delicacy; it sacrifices its healthiness of form for a gracefulness of outline, and it makes a conscious effort to attain effective light arrangement.

Oh! if Rubens could only have kept the hugeness of his bold, gross originality, could have, in other words, maintained his Flemish conception, and could have combined with that his knowledge of Italian technique, he would have accomplished as much and perhaps more than our modern Pre-Raphaelites with three centuries more of experience have done. But there we are again—the eternal If.

My Youth.

J. LEO COONTZ, '07.

I KNEW a meadow in my youth
That lay beneath a gentle slope,
Ever an ungarnered booth
For childhood's restless fancy scope.

There rose at morn from where I slept
That never-ending meadow line.
Methought that through the night it kept
A solemn watch o'er me and mine.

Beside it ran a fitful brook—
Where many tiny canyons met
To flash beyond each growing crook,
A torrent at its wild outlet.

There grew within that circled spot
A host of daisies nodding slim;
They come to me while on my cot
As I a child did go to them.

They seemed to never tire of gaze,
But sought it with a nod and glance
That wove round me a golden haze
And filled me with their rhythmic dance.

Twice thirty years have sought in vain
To cloud that gleam of sunny youth
Where pleasure met and conquered pain
Beneath an arch of glorious woof.

Full many years have made me grey,
Full many summers kissed the grain;
But should I ever chance that way
Those daisies still will bloom again.

Eggs.

WILLIAM P. LENNARTZ, '08.



HELLO! what's this!" exclaimed Wilbur Hatch, an enterprising young baker of the North Side, Boston, as his attention was attracted by a bit of writing on the egg he had just taken from the crate. "By all the stars, it's a lady's name and address."

"Marjorie Jacon, Reconter, Ohio," ran in a continuous band about the middle of the egg.

"Marjorie Jacon!" Say, that's a pretty name," he mused, turning the egg over and over in his hand forgetful that the cook was in a hurry for eggs, and to whom it made no difference whether it was with or without writing on the shell. "I wonder how Miss Marjorie of Reconter would regard a letter from a fellow in Bosting! I think I'll have to make her acquaintance. This egg is half the introduction, and I'll write the other half."

With a mind full of rainbow fancies he wrote his "half" and packed the egg in a downy nest of softest cotton well saturated with richest perfume. The letter and box were addressed to the ardent and gracious Miss Jacon; for although he knew her only in name he was certain that she possessed every charm of the "old-time" heroine.

Wilbur was in the acme of his glory. At last his bark of romance had been fairly launched. Where would it land and what were the storms it would have to endure? He was of a romantic disposition and delighted to indulge in the chimerical and fantastic. He had often longed for an event of this kind to come into his somewhat prosy life. Society with its established forms and tiresome conventionalities had little attraction for him. To wander through life's labyrinths, to experience the enigmatical ways of fate and fortune, and in the end to realize the hopes which his vagrant fancy portrayed, constituted for him the real happiness of life.

"Is that the ring you're sending?" said the clerk at the window, a particular friend

of Wilbur's, as he passed in the box for mailing.

"Ring, did you say? Not so soon. Upon your life you could not guess what that box contains," replied Wilbur.

"Some sort of love trinket I'm sure," responded his friend.

"You're not very clever at guessing," said Wilbur. "To save you from making any further rash conjectures, I'll tell you. That box contains just a simple ordinary egg."

"An egg," exclaimed his friend in a burst of surprise. "Have you discovered some new process for manufacturing that article, or is there a new species of chicken that you are interested in?"

"Well, I'm interested in something," replied Wilbur, "but I hardly think chicken is the word. Perhaps 'bird' would be better. A ring may be in order later, if things turn out favorably."

"Why not say Hatch out successfully," smiled his friend as he turned to distribute the mail to those who were waiting.

The mail service of Boston is noted for its promptness, and was therefore truly undeserving of the abuse cast upon it by Wilbur during the days that immediately followed the egg episode. At last at the end of a week a letter from Reconter really did come. It was a dainty affair, though the handwriting was a little coarse; envelope and paper were of a clouded pink shade, and the faint pervading odor of heliotrope suggested that the escritoire might have been placed amidst the bloom of summer gardens. The letter was as fair within as without. Wilbur found to his intense satisfaction that by the kindest of fates and the strangest of means he had been placed in communication with a kindred soul.

There was a marked increase in the amount of mail that entered and left the post-office at Reconter; the same fact was true of the post-office at Boston, though there it was not so noticeable. The missives from Reconter were all of the same spirit; breathing at first but a sense of veracious, animated interest, they gradually took on a tone that might be interpreted attachment.

Wilbur's letters had passed in swift transition from romantic fancy to deep admiration, and finally to almost pas-

sionate affection. The character and qualities of Miss Jacon, discovered from her letters, quite conquered his heart. Her picture, which was graciously sent in return for his, completed the charm. Miss Marjorie was beyond all doubt a paragon of feminine qualities and the only one of her sex that could make this conventional world a paradise for Wilbur Hatch.

Day by day his love waxed more passionate, fed by the merry eyes that laughed at him from the photograph, and by the pretty pink letters that arrived each week from Reconter. At last he could bear the agony of separation no longer; he would be no more content to look between the bars of paradise when he might freely enter. He would go to Reconter and claim his beloved. But what excuse could he make to his friends for leaving his business in a season when his management was most needed? On what pretence could he leave Boston for the city of Reconter and remain long enough to bring his bark of romance safely to land?

It puzzled Wilbur for a while, but his yearning heart finally forged a solution. After all it was as simple as it could be; it was strange he had not thought of it before. "Johnnie Shorts," he remembered that Johnnie Shorts whom he had gone to college with and whom he had since almost forgotten, lived in Reconter. Soon it became known to Wilbur's friends that he and a certain Mr. Shorts of Ohio were partners in a large agricultural project. Urgent business in connection with his agricultural venture had called Mr. Hatch to Ohio to be gone indefinitely.

When Wilbur got off the train at Reconter he was not at all charmed by the appearance of the home city of his fair princess. It had all the evidences of being a pioneer town in a pioneer country. Our Boston knight walked around the town two or three times and then concluded that perhaps Johnnie Shorts might come in handy after all. He located his quondam friend behind the counter of a large grocery store. Johnnie did not at first recognize him and wanted to sell him groceries.

When he found out who the gentleman was his surprise and joy were apparently little short of overcoming him. He sat on

the counter for half an hour recalling the old times they had at college when they were "freshies" together; the athletic contests; the Easter hop and the pretty girls who attended it; especially one pretty girl whose wealth of rich golden hair and flashing eyes were particularly captivating. She had been well satisfied with the courteous attentions of Johnnie until Wilbur came along and "cut him out." Johnnie's merry laugh, as he recalled this last incident, showed him to possess a heart singularly free from even a desire to "get even."

When Wilbur could stand Johnnie's idiotic reminiscences no longer he inquired of him if a certain Miss Jacon did not live in the city; she was a friend of his mother's, he explained, and he had promised to look her up. Yes, Johnnie was personally acquainted with Miss Marjorie Jacon. He was going down that way in a few moments and would show Wilbur the house.

They walked along the street, Johnnie ever and anon recalling incidents of their days at college. After a walk of fifteen minutes they reached the house, which was a square, green-painted structure that seemed rather unfit for a creature of light and beauty. Johnnie not only showed the house but insisted on presenting his friend.

"Marjorie," he said to the pretty young brunette that opened the door, "this is Mr. Hatch, an old friend of mine, and, I think, an acquaintance of yours." Wilbur gasped and stammered: "There is some mistake, I think. What did you say the name was?"

"No mistake at all," smiled Johnnie; "this is, or rather was, Miss Marjorie Jacon, now and for the last week she has been Mrs. John Shorts. But come on in, Wilbur. My dear, Mr. Hatch is an old schoolmate of mine and will stay with us for dinner."

Wilbur was in a daze. He thought of the picture of sweet loveliness that graced his dresser at home; of the pretty pink missives that he had received every little while; and finally of the Marjorie Jacon, brunette and pretty, but as far from *his* Marjorie as the sun from the moon. Here were more enigmas than he could relish. Mrs. Shorts stood waiting to take his hat.

"I really believe," she murmured pleasantly, "that this is the gentleman who

sent me back that egg with my name on it. John is the bad boy that did that trick, Mr. Hatch. I was down at the grocery one night—that was before we were engaged,"—and Marjorie beamed on Johnnie with eyes of deepest affection—"and John, would write my name and address on an egg in spite of all I could say. I'm sure I'd as soon he'd commit a crime as do that. Wouldn't you, Mr. Hatch?"

"Yes, madam, I would," groaned Hatch.

Mrs. Shorts after carefully dusting a side table and placing Wilbur's hat thereon went out to hurry up the dinner. Hatch jumped up and with burning cheeks faced his laughing host:

"Shorts!" he demanded, "who sent those letters? Was it you? Who sent me that photograph? Was it you?"

"Keep guessing right along that line," advised Shorts with a broad grin, "and you'll not miss it far."

Hatch paced the parlor with his fists clenched and his eyes snapping. Stopping in front of Shorts he shook his fist in that gentleman's face.

"Shorts, whose photograph was that?" He was fairly sizzling with anger.

"Well, really, Hatch, I haven't the least idea don't you know. A drummer happened to leave it in the store one day and I thought it might interest you, so I sent it."

"Shorts you're an ass, a fool, a—a—" shouted Hatch grabbing his hat.

"But say! are you not going to stay for dinner?" blandly remonstrated his friend from the sofa. "We'll not have much of a dinner; it's Friday you know, but then there'll be eggs. And—"

"Damn your eggs!" shouted Hatch in disgust as he flung himself out of the house.

A Triolet.

IN the silent hours of the night

As the wind whistles eerie

With hearts blissful and contrite,

In the silent hours of the night,

Humbling ourselves in Thy sight—

We beseech Thee console the weary

In the silent hours of the night

As the wind whistles eerie.

H. L.

The Victimae Paschali.

GEORGE FINNIGAN, '10.

VICTIMAE paschali
Laudes immolent Christiani.

Agnus redemit oves;
Christus innocens Patri
Reconciliavit
Peccatores.

Mors et vita duello
Confluxere mirando;

Dux vitae mortuus
Regnat vivus.

Dic nobis Maria,
Quid vidisti in via?
Sepulcrum Christi viventis
Et gloriam vidi resurgentis;
Angelicos testes,
Sudarium, et vestes.
Surrexit Christus, spes mea;
Praecedet vos in Galilaeam.

Scimus Christum surrexisse
A mortuis vere:

Tu nobis victor rex miserere. Amen. Alleluia.

The 'prose' *Victimae Paschali* chosen by the Church as one most befitting the glorious feast of the risen Christ, has for several centuries added much toward making Eastertide the most beautiful season of the ecclesiastical year. Of the five Sequences now contained in the Roman Missal this is the oldest; it is also the most beautiful in its expression and significance.

This Sequence was written by Wipo, a Burgundian cleric, who lived at the court of the German emperors, Conrad II. and Henry III., in the first half of the eleventh century. It is not unlikely that Wipo wrote the *Victimae Paschali* to serve the purpose of the liturgical drama, and that it was played in the Church on Holy Saturday or Easter Sunday. This seems most probable when we note that the whole Sequence is in the form of a direct conversation between the Apostles and Mary Magdalene, with a chorus of Christians at the end. The Apostles collectively open the drama and recite all the words to the question addressed to Mary inclusive. The Magdalene answers in a few lines, and the Chorus ends the play in a burst of faith and petition.

Although strictly speaking in the composition there is neither strophe nor verse which follows a set rule or has a metrical construction, still there is a certain regularity and certain elements of poetic representation which are the beginnings or traces of rhyme and metre.

By some, the *Victimae Paschali* is divided into eight verses, and for study and explana-

tion this is a helpful division. The first verse is an exhortation by the Apostles to the faithful to thank and praise the Easter Lamb. It was the duty of the Apostles to give testimony of the Resurrection. The second verse may be divided in two parts, the second part explaining and completing the first; both referring in picturesque and characteristic words to the work of redemption. The word *agnus* is very characteristic, and profoundly and clearly designates Christ. Used here it enhances and illustrates the foregoing expression, *Victimae Paschali*, showing not only the sacrificial character, but also the willing resignation and obedience, the devotion and meekness and the spotless innocence of the Lamb.

In the third verse, the reconciling and redeeming phase of Christ's life is looked at from a new point of view. Life and Death are represented as combating in a strange duel, in which Death is conquered, and Christ, the Prince of Life, reigns.

We notice that the first three verses treat of the redeeming death of Christ; the last five dwell on His glorious Resurrection.

A question is addressed to Mary Magdalene in the fourth verse. The Magdalene is introduced because by her patient perseverance she merited to be the first to hear of Christ's triumph. She is called the apostle of Apostles.

The answer of Mary Magdalene, which makes up the next two verses, contains the first proof of the Resurrection. She says

that she saw the tomb of the Living Christ, and her proof is supplemented by the *Angelicos testes*. The seventh verse is the exclamation of confidence and faith that the Magdalene uttered when she saw the glorified countenance of Christ. The last is the chorus of Christians who call on their risen Redeemer for mercy.

The literal translation here given in the form of the liturgical drama best explains the significance of this Sequence:

APOSTLES:

Ye, Christians, to the Paschal Victim bring
Your sacrifice of praise—
The Lamb has saved the flock.
And Christ, the stainless One, has reconciled
Us sinners to our Father.

In wondrous duel, life and death have met,
And struggled long and hard.
But now the Prince of Life,
Who died for us, lives and reigns supreme.
What thou sawest, Mary, say,
As thou wentest on the way?

MARY MAGDALENE:

I saw the tomb wherein the Living One had lain,
I saw His glory as He rose again;
Napkin and linen cloths and angels twain:
Yea, Christ is risen, my hope, and He
Will go before you into Galilee.

CHORUS OF FAITHFUL:

We know that Christ indeed has risen from the
grave:
Hail, Thou King of Victory!
Have mercy, Lord, and save.

The Illegal Trial.

LOUIS M. KELLEY, '07.



THE whole of the Jewish law and religion, at the time of the first Easter, had dwindled down to mere form and empty show. Religion retained the appearance of piety; law retained the form and expression of justice and power. The Roman Empire, spreading like a hungry fire, had subdued the chosen people of God, and had taken from their law all but a nominal power; and the Jews themselves, because they had allowed their religion to become void, robbed their own laws of justice. These facts had a strange influence on the series of accusations that we call the trial of Jesus.

While the Sanhedrim existed in all its power, the rules governing it were the expression of all that is just and right. The Sanhedrim was to save not to destroy life. The prisoner brought before this court was to be held innocent till proved guilty. No one could be condemned in his absence. The rulers of the court gave the accused every advantage: a council was appointed to aid him, witnesses in defense were given the preference, the witnesses were admonished not to forget the value of

human life and to leave out nothing that would tell in the favor of the accused. In capital charges the verdict of guilty could not be pronounced till next day, and the condemned could not be executed on the same day on which the sentence was pronounced.

The Jews knew too well how to smother their consciences by the appearance of right and the forms of justice to omit any of the ceremonies of the great Sanhedrim when Jesus was brought before them. The judges sat in oriental fashion, forming a semicircle before which the prisoner was led and the witnesses were summoned.

Though the Sanhedrists took pains to find some legal and moral justification for their action, and proceeded to 'try' Jesus, they had long before violated the very principle of the Sanhedrim. The prisoner was condemned before he was tried; justice was shut out from the court. "'Tis better that one should die," they had said. Was this then a legal trial? Was this a meeting of the great, the just, the life-saving Sanhedrim that now met to find a legal cause for their predetermined judgment?

But the Sanhedrists had resolved to persuade themselves and to impress others that this was a legal trial; so, we may believe, that witnesses for the defense were summoned. They must have smiled grimly at the idea of anyone facing them and opposing

their hate and fury. Peter himself said "he knew not the man," who then could be found to defend Him? Then St. Matthew says, "they sought false witnesses."

We could hardly bring ourselves to believe that the customary warning and oath of truthfulness was administered to these witnesses. They were rather urged to the opposite, and many, anxious to gain the good will of the priests, hastened forward to twist the truth into questionable shapes. But they were too eager. The testimony disagreed. The Prisoner by a majestic silence was winning His case. Truth was triumphing over falsehood. The high-priest grew more restless and impatient. He saw the Victim for whom he had planned and watched, and whom he had finally dragged before his court, slowly slipping away again. If his Prisoner should escape him now all his hopes were gone, all his power, all his influence. Like a drowning man he makes a last struggle for the mastery. Forgetting his dignity, disregarding his sacred duty as judge, ignoring all customs and precedents, he becomes the accuser: "Art Thou the Christ?" "What need have we of further testimony? He is guilty of death." Here was the sentence, a personal condemnation of a dignified mob, made with some of the appearance of a legal trial. During the night the news seems to have travelled from the council chamber to the dwelling of every scribe and pharisee and priest; so that in the early morning all the enemies of Jesus were drawn by their burning hatred around the centre of Love.

A full hearing of the case should have been repeated according to the law and custom, but this was omitted. The council had much to consider. They realized that their condemnation meant nothing unless signed by Pilate. But what did Pilate care about one who said He was the Messia. The Jews saw that they would have to prefer a civil as well as the religious charge against their Prisoner. After much consultation and after the decision against Jesus was signed and sealed, they bound their Prisoner and led Him away

The sun had not yet risen over the distant hills when an anxious procession hurried toward the palace of Pilate. With a scruple

for the least violation of the law, the rabble of priests and people halted without the council hall that they might not be defiled. These men, like so many others before and after them, though they had murder in their hearts, put on the semblance of virtue.

Pilate came forth and startled the Jews by the direct question: "What accusation bring you against this Man?" This was the very thing the Jews wished to avoid. They wanted Pilate to recognize their court, their proceedings, their condemnation, unjust and illegal as they were. They dreaded a public investigation. Their trial had been private, in the darkness of the night. Their charges were confused and indefinite: "If He were not a malefactor we would not have delivered Him up to thee," was their evasive answer.

The procedure before Pilate can hardly be called a trial in the true sense. That the Prisoner had refused tribute to Cæsar could by the least effort on Pilate's part have been proven false. The only other charge that claimed the attention of the Roman was the fact that Jesus had claimed to be king. But even this was rendered null when Christ said His kingdom was not of this world. Cæsar himself would have said "He is a dreamer," and would have passed on. Pilate questioned the Prisoner and found no cause in Him. He found the charges of the Jews unconvincing and without weight; then, were he a just judge, he would have dismissed the accused; then were he a strong man he would have shut his ears to the howlings of the mob. But he was neither just nor strong, and because of his infamy and weakness the last part of the trial of Jesus reached the very acme of injustice and illegality.

The Cross.

GEORGE FINNEGAN.

THE Cross upreared on sin-torn Calvary's height—
That bitter Cross of sin and shame—
On Easter-morn as rose th' eternal light,
A golden Cross of love became.

Resolution.

WILLIAM F. CUNNINGHAM, '07.

TO higher life from darkest night,
On that first Easter morning bright,
With hopes fulfilled, when deep despair
Had cast its shadow everywhere,
Arose the Herald of the Light.

His was a struggle for the right,
A victory of love, not might,
O'er sufferings which upward bear
To higher life.

Remembering in every plight
How once He staggered on, in spite
Of insults, blows and grievous care,
Shall we not now His burden share
By persevering in the fight,
To higher life?

The Psychology of Easter Fashions.—I.

ROBERT A. KASPER, '07.



HE world awoke from its quieting night's rest, shook off a lingering drowsiness and bid her children go about their various duties, for a new day, the 2d of March, 1907, had dawned. Here and there upon the streets of London, Paris, Berlin, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and many of her great cities, men, women and children moved about in eager haste, some forever wedded to the consoling and energy-consuming power of work; others everlastingly enamoured with the fascinating Rockefeller deity whose sweet cult and fond symbols they had inherited in a family way.

But the women—why are they on parade at such an early hour? Onward they struggle in that ever-increasing mass of people, now pausing for a moment at a crossing to allow a truck or a guttering machine pass by upon the beck of the burley policeman, again barricading the sidewalk, and incidentally speaking to a friend. The very fashionable appear in carriages drawn by prancing bobtail horses, while others of

the elite are hauled by a stunning poodle whose morning bath has been quite refreshing.

Oh women, why desert your homes, that easy chair, that peace and quiet at such an hour? Surely men know the history of Hobson. No! That's not it. Alas, the secret is out; the evening papers even announced it in bold type with the affixed advice to come early and thus avoid the rush. Oh hubbies, oh daddies, close your business and flee to your cyclone cellars with earthly belongings securely fastened to the inner lining of your coats, for 'tis bargain day. Oh foolish women! why fall victim to the manager's craft and skill; why rush so madly on; why so eager to gaze upon that reduced stock? Know ye not an artist receives the remunerative salary of fifteen dollars a week for doing it to your taste? Why are all ye women in this vast globe so anxious for that new Easter bonnet, and that richly adorned Easter gown, its price seemingly lowered? 'Tis the manager's art, no more.

Surely ye encyclopedias of styles and fashions know hats have gone up 30% this year. Yet managers in large and small cities frantic over *modus operandi* make huge cuts. Oh foolish women! ye alone are caught in that pitfall. Your earthly heaven has no interest for the ordinary person, daddies and hubbies gifted with an innate thought even cover their eyes as they pass by it.

Constantly "Shopstresses" are caught in the whirl, and each moment adds another human graphophone to the mass of womenkind that stands there before those thousands of windows in thousands of cities. Such elbowing, struggling, squeezing when a newcomer, desirous to join the inner circle, arrives. Alas, she succeeds amid a disheartening conversation of glances; but she holds her own, proof enough that she's woman.

Constantly the scenes keep shifting, the characters likewise changing. Some return home satisfied, resolved; others still march on, unsatisfied, undecided, destined to come on for yet another scene in that great first act which takes no account of time. At last the noon hour comes, the windows are forsaken and the act, for some, is ended.

II.

The intermission is short, for the actresses are nervous, the audience anxious. Hastily they rush through their meal, bargains, bargains, flooding their brains. Suddenly the curtain rises, and the second act is placed in the interior of the great establishments the world over, the craft of the window trimmer having wrought the intended and most complimentary effect. Struggling, pushing, jolting, and a voice,—a soft, kind, obliging, sweet voice—opens the act:

"Are you waited on, ma'am?"

Of course she is not. The saleslady knows as much, for didn't she see Mrs. or Miss "Shopstress" step in that very moment? But she must speak her lines, must play her part.

"I'd like to look at your hats."

Again the same soft, obliging voice repeats for the millionth time and with surprising warmth:

"Right this way, ma'am, if you please." Then having arrived: "What color do you prefer?"

"Oh, I don't know. I haven't decided as yet. I'm just crazy about the 'Congo Browns,' 'Copenhagen Blues,' and 'Irish Greens,' and I do not know which I shall prefer. All are perfectly dandy, and I believe will be the rage this spring?"

"Oh, yes. Everyone will be wearing them; that is, the real fashionable people. What style; have you decided upon the style?"

"Really, I'm just as undecided about the style; even more so. I saw some beautiful hats in your window, the 'Mushroom,' 'Chorus Girl,' and 'Cheer-Up-Mary,' especially. I don't imagine the 'Mushroom' will become me, for I have a round face, you know; probably I would look better in the 'Chorus Girl.'"

Yes, Miss or Mrs. "Shopstress" knows all about them, for she reads the papers and sees the fashion plates. That soft, obliging voice again.

"Put this one on and see how it looks. It's the 'Mushroom.' No, I do not like it on you. Probably the 'Chorus Girl' will suit you better. Well, it does not look so well. Maybe it's the color. Here's another, a 'Congo Brown' of the same style. Yes, that's better. Certainly you can try on

the 'Cheer-up-Mary.' No, I do not like it very well. You'll take the 'Chorus Girl?' All right, I'll put it aside for you until to-morrow. Good-day, call again."

Onward goes the second act, now shifting to the gown, again to the bonnet department, another heroine replacing the one who has just played her part. Onward and yet onward it goes, acted and reacted every moment of the day the world over, that second act with its thousands upon thousands of heroines. Night alone draws the curtain; sometimes only late at night is the act brought to its close. Alas! it ends for some Miss or Mrs. "Shopstress," and she returns home. Hubby or father comes from business shortly after she arrives, and she rushes to the door to meet him, a bewitching smile upon her countenance. He is unsuspectingly happy, and she all anticipation.

III.

The moon is already high in the heavens, and many are the gladdened hearts of unsuspecting Johns, undoubting Thomases, reckless Heinrichs or extravagant and careless François the world round as they rise from their evening meal, their gratitude unbounded when they think of the dear, affectionate wife, or kind and appreciative daughter, with which they have been blessed. The turmoil and trouble of their day's work are entirely erased from their minds as if by magic, and she has done it all. He can not read the evening paper, but does not realize that she is responsible for this also. Cautiously, carefully, she feels her way as she comes upon the stage for this the last act, in which lies the climax. She remains at some distance from him, all the while whispering soothing and consoling words into his unsuspecting ears. Cautiously she proceeds, realizing that upon her proficiency depends the success or failure of the play, conscious that upon the greatness of her powers the final feeling of the audience is conditioned, a feeling of either "It was great," or "It was all right, but—"

How insignificantly small that little "but" seems, yet how indelibly will it stamp her efforts with victory or defeat. She has had many rehearsals and should know her part. Slowly, cautiously, she speaks to him, gradually shifting the conversation; not

with a suddenness that will make him start and wonder, but with a tact, a skill, that she has made her own; a tact and skill that bring a soothing effect. Polonius-wise by indirections she seeks directions out.

Gradually he learns of the crowded streets and of the beautifully trimmed windows, and lastly of the new gown and hat a Mrs. or Miss Jones, André or Gladstone has bought and of its stunningness. He totters on unconsciously toward that great climax with a feeling of pleasurable ease and comfort, her own words finally finding utterance upon his lips:

"If Miss or Mrs. Jones, André or Gladstone has a new gown and hat, you must have one also, for I want you to look as charming as they on Easter Sunday."

"No," she can do without them just as well as not; she does not like the spring styles anyway and can wait. He is persistent, however, for she has been clever. She allows him to coax and persist, realizing her exact worth as a judge of time. Finally, when experience tells her "Now," she for answer rushes into his arms as the curtain closes that universally and every minute acted play, "The Psychology of Easter Fashions," in which lies three *raison d'être*—an attractive show window, a good saleslady, an appreciative, unsuspecting, generous husband or father.

A Rondel.

HARRY LEDWIDGE.

'TIS but a faded coronal
Of roses once both fresh and fair,
Which carelessly some bacchanal
Laid lightly on his tangled hair,
And dancing let them loosely fall
To lie discarded over there.
'Tis but a faded coronal
Of roses once both fresh and fair.
And yet some fragrance after all
Still lingers in its perfumed lair;
And still my senses doth enthrall
The odor of the roses rare.
'Tis but a faded coronal
Of roses once both fresh and fair.

The Passover.

WILLIAM P. LENNARTZ, '08.



OF the three feasts celebrated annually at Jerusalem by the Jewish nation, that of the Passover was regarded as the most sacred. It was a feast instituted at the command of God to commemorate the deliverance of the Israelites from Egyptian bondage.

For a long period of years the Israelites had been subjected to the most cruel oppression under the Egyptian kings. A deliverer at length appeared in the person of Moses, "A man of great wisdom and courage." By divine command Moses undertook to lead them out of Egypt. At each time he found himself opposed by Pharaoh, the then reigning king, and in consequence of this opposition plagues of the most dreadful nature swept over the land. The final and most dreadful of them all could alone move his obstinacy. The Lord made known to Moses the time and manner of His visitation and how the Israelites were to secure themselves against the sword of the avenging angel.

"At midnight shall I (through my angel) enter into Egypt and every firstborn of the Egyptians shall die, from the firstborn of Pharaoh who sitteth on his throne even to the firstborn of the handmaid....

"On the tenth day let everyone take a lamb by their families and houses; and it shall be a lamb without blemish, a male of one year. And you shall keep it until the fourteenth day of this month; and the whole multitude of the children of Israel shall sacrifice it in the evening. And they shall take of the blood thereof, and put it upon both the side-posts and the upper door-posts of the houses, wherein they shall eat it. And they shall eat the flesh that night roasted at the fire, and unleavened bread with wild lettuce.... And thus you shall eat it; you shall gird your reins, and you shall have shoes on your feet, holding staves in your hands, and you shall eat in haste; for it is the Phase (that is the Passage) of the Lord.... And the blood shall be unto you for a sign in the

houses where you shall be; and I shall see the blood and shall pass over you; and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you when I shall strike the land of Egypt. And this day shall be for a memorial to you; and you shall keep it a feast to the Lord in your generation with an everlasting observance." (Exodus, xi, 4 and 5, xii, 3-15.)

Pharaoh was now moved to allow the Israelites to depart. The Exodus was regarded as the birthday of their nation, and the Passover became a national festival to be celebrated at its annual recurrence. From the condition of slavery the Israelites had now become a free people, owing servitude to no one but Jehovah. They might now perform their service to the Lord in the manner their fathers had been wont to do in the land of Canaan.

Every Israelite was obliged to attend in person, if able, the annual celebration of the Passover in Jerusalem. Its observance not only commemorated their national deliverance, but it was believed that their faithful attendance at the festival would secure for them future blessings from Heaven. The Passover lamb was the one offering spontaneously made by all Israelites. The offering was regarded as a debt owed to Jehovah in token of thanksgiving, as a sacrifice of expiation and for deliverance from physical suffering.

The multitude that came to the celebration was almost countless. The number attending a single Passover has been recorded at 2,700,000 inclusive of the population of Jerusalem. Men only were obliged to attend; but since it was an occasion of national rejoicing whole households usually went to the feast. It lasted eight days beginning on the fifteenth day of the month Nisan. The fourteenth day was the feast of "Unleavened Bread" or the preparation day. On this day all the leaven that remained in the house was removed, and the house and all its contents purified according to certain prescribed rites. Personal purity was as stringently enforced. Everyone was obliged to look after his personal appearance and to take a bath. No one could enter the unpurified house of a heathen during the feast without being defiled.

On the afternoon of the 14th, at the blowing of the trumpet, all assembled in the

courts of the Temple to begin the work of slaying the lambs. These lambs had to be first examined by the priests to see that they were without blemish. As soon as the courts were filled the gates were shut and three blasts of the trumpet announced the beginning of the work of slaughtering the victims, sometimes 250,000 in number. Between the altar of the Temple and where the victims were being sacrificed stood long files of priests with gold and silver bowls to catch the blood and pass it on from one to the other till the last poured it upon the altar from which it was conducted away by pipes beneath. The lamb was then skinned and prepared for roasting. Not a bone of it was to be broken, and the flesh was to be roasted instead of boiled.

The law at first, required that the feast be eaten within the courts of the Temple, but this after a time became impossible because of the immense number of people, so that they were privileged to eat the feast anywhere within the prescribed limits of the city. The company for a single lamb varied from ten to twenty. The meal was accompanied by the circulation of four cups of wine and by songs of praise to Jehovah. During the course of the meal the story of the deliverance of the Israelites was recounted by the head of the family. Besides the private family festival, there were public and national sacrifices during the seven days of the feast.

The Passover was not only commemorative, but was also typical. While it commemorated the deliverance of the Israelites from Egyptian bondage it also typified man's future redemption from the slavery of sin. The Paschal lamb slain represented Christ, the "Lamb of God." In the Passover was indicated the time and circumstances of the Saviour's death and the conditions for salvation. The time of Christ's crucifixion took place at the same season of the year and almost precisely at the same hour as the beginning of the daily sacrifice on the first day of the Feast of the Passover. On the tenth day of the month Christ entered Jerusalem and on the evening of the fourteenth He celebrated with His disciples the final Passover of the Mosaic law which was to be replaced by the sacrifice of Himself on the morrow.

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THE SCHOLASTIC wishes to extend happy Easter greetings to Faculty, Students, and Readers.

—And now comes Easter time, the most joyous feast of the year. It ushers in the spring, and nature from the grave of winter arises and tinges the world in glory. The Easter Time. sun and Easter bells give the message to all the world and bid it rejoice, for He the Lord who was Dead has Arisen; and mankind, struggling in the depths of sorrow, looks out this blessed morn on the miracle. Happy is the world that looking can perceive the light and following it be led to higher life and nobler ends.

Despite what our cynics and our modern materialists may say, religion is the key-stone in the arch of culture and civilization. Forget the stone, and the work, though it be the labor of ages, will tumble down, and falling bring ruin and death. We need few words to tell us. Each day our papers and our magazines give the sad story and repeat the wailings that arise from prison cells and gilded barriers—prison cells and gilded barriers that shut out the light and blind men to the fundamental thing in life. For

men are frail and the strongest man but a creature; an incomplete work, the complement of which is happiness. Happiness is but peace, found nowhere else but in His message which spoke of Love and bequeathed *His Peace*.

Seniors day.

Ho, ye Seniors! Throw off your garbs of Lent and don the more conventional and joyous togs of spring; for Senior's day is come, and there will be much merriment among the dignified. There will be many nice things and many nice people here, and the great old trees and campus will catch the spirit and begin sprouting too. This must be an Easter Monday to be remembered, and ye of the tassled cap must make '07's Day go down in history—a stupendous success.

In the morning,—well, in the morning ye had better sleep a bit, but be up in time to hear Prof. Petersen's bandmen. Then at twelve some dinner. At 2:30 "Richelieu" will entertain, and the latent actor ability of the class will break forth from its bounds of modesty, and there will come a flood the like of which hath never been seen before, for it will wash away all former attempts at the histrionic. Following this, if you have time, treat yourselves to supper, for even ye are human, and must eat. At nine yourself and lady will be expected at the big Gym which stands in Brownson campus and which has traditionally given itself to the jollity of the Easter hop, "and then—what then?" Easter Monday will have gone with the wee hours and the dawn; not a gray but a blazoned happy dawn. The dawn of those who yet know only spring's budding-day. There we stop, for we haven't time to worry about the coming blistering summer, nor the frigid winter.

Victory Again.

Iowa city, Iowa, March 27.—Notre Dame University defeated Iowa in debate to-night, making eighteen consecutive victories in debate for the Indiana school. Notre Dame upheld the private ownership of street railways. The visitors showed marked superiority in rebuttal and delivery.

St. Joseph's Day.

MARCH 19 broke a bit chilly, but still it developed into quite an enjoyable day. At eight o'clock Solemn High Mass was sung and Father McGarry delivered a sermon on St. Joseph. After Mass the band visited all the halls and rendered a few selections at each stopping-place. It was heartily applauded and Professor Petersen's men were well appreciated. The band this year shows great improvement, and we now look to some good music by these gentlemen.

PHILOPATRIANS.

In the afternoon the Philopatrians produced Master Skylark, and in the production of this little drama, the society of youngsters added still more to the notoriety and good reputation it already enjoyed in that line by virtue of previous demonstrations of dramatic talent.

The play itself was remarkably well suited for juvenile production. The Philopatrians had good and well-adapted material for every rôle. All the players showed themselves capable of their parts.

Master Skylark was dramatized from a novel of the same title for the Philopatrians by Mr. John Lane O'Connor, a man well known and kindly regarded as a benefactor of the society.

M. Otero, who played the rôle of Master Skylark, was a little master in the art of acting. His part was exceptionally well played.

Carl Von Puhl as Gregory Goole, the villain, played a difficult part remarkably well and elicited much comment.

A. F. Dolan, who played the part of Gaston Carew, deserves great praise for the wonderful manner in which he performed.

R. Sieber, who acted the part of Mrs. Attwood, the mother of Master Skylark, and E. Peil, the daughter of Gaston Carew, won much applause in these feminine rôles. Sieber made a most motherly looking mother, and Peil a most charming little girl in actions, speeches, looks and all. Berkley made a stately Shakespeare and Broussard acted well the part of the blacksmith.

Sheehan was made up into a Queen Elizabeth that by her beauty put the "Lovely Bess" to shame. In fact, all played

their parts in a most praiseworthy manner,

The dance around the Maypole by the Stratford boys was done without a flaw and it made a very pretty scene. As a whole, the play was carried through without a break.

The success of the play no doubt is due to Brother Cyprian's ability as a trainer, and his work could be seen in the artistic staging of "Master skylark."

The attendance was large, and many in the rear of the hall had to stand. A good share of the crowd was from South Bend. P.

Dr. Green's Lecture.

Dr. Green came Wednesday, and for two hours told us in beautiful language the story of the world's peoples and pointed out the "Key to the twentieth century." The magnitude of our country was the Doctor's theme, and he did it to our satisfaction. Easy and graceful on the stage, Dr. Green held the attention of the house throughout.

"There are no accidents in nature," and everything has some underlying cause. Every climax or turning point in history can be traced back to some one man or event. Subsequent happenings bear a relation to some one factor—unnoticed at first—in History. Our country and its progress, as far west as man can go and the last visiting place of culture and civilization, is the object of the whole world's attention. The opportunities and the resources of America are untold, and only the similes of Dr. Green could do them justice.

Mr. Griffin's Readings.

The famous Shakespearan reader rendered "Othello" on Thursday afternoon. His interpretation was excellent, and several times Mr. Griffin won the roundest applause from the house. Fine appearance and a good voice added greatly to the reader's effort. Mr. Griffin was better when reading Roderigo and Iago than he was in portraying the Moor, while his interpretation of Emelia and Desdemona was excellent. On Friday, Mr. Griffin read "The Taming of the Shrew."

Athletic Notes.

WABASH, 43; NOTRE DAME, 39½
INDIANA, 20½.

Wabash upset the dope all right, and by winning the relay won the triangular meet, with Notre Dame a close second and Indiana third. From beginning to end the meet was between Wabash and Notre Dame, Indiana always outside the money and never dangerous.

Smithson of Notre Dame was the star performer of the affair, winning the 40-yard dash, the 40-yard low hurdles and running second in the 40-yard high. In the 40-yard low, Smithson covered the distance in five flat, which clips one-fifth of a second off the world's record. "Long" John Scales stepped over the high stick in five and two-fifths which equals the record.

Wabash had a well-balanced team and had no particular star unless it was Blair who won the relay for them by his great sprint on the last lap. Blair also captured the quarter in the fast time of fifty-four, which comes close to the Gym record.

A most unfortunate event occurred in the half-mile. The race brought together Keefe of Notre Dame and Patton of Wabash, both good men with fast marks. On the fifth lap Emanuel of Wabash was lapped and the race was left to Keefe and Patton. On the last lap Patton led Keefe by about six feet for the first half lap, and just as Keefe started his sprint he encountered Emanuel, one lap behind, and in attempting to pass him, Emanuel stepped in front of Keefe and cut him out. It was an accident, undoubtedly, as Emanuel and Coach Cayou of Wabash very gentlemanly apologized for the foul, but there is no doubt that it stopped Keefe. Of course, Patton may have won anyway, but it was unfortunate, as had Keefe been able to win the half mile Notre Dame would have won the meet.

The pole vault resulted in a tie all-around, dividing the nine points equally. On his last jump Sparks inched out Yelch for first place in the broad jump and by so doing brought Wabash within striking distance.

Before the Relay the points were divided: Notre Dame 39½, Wabash 38 and Indiana

20½. Schmidt started the relay for Notre Dame and although he ran a good two laps he was defeated by Hargrave by about two yards. Keach took up the next two laps for Notre Dame and ran one of the prettiest races of the afternoon, making up the two yards that Schmidt lost and coming in ahead of his man by two more. Cripe held his own in his race, and Keefe started about even with Blair, though the Wabash man appeared to have a little the best of it at the start. Blair won, but it was after one of the hardest fights ever seen in the Gym. On the last lap Keefe crawled closer, and closer and at the finish daylight could not be seen between the men, Blair winning by inches.

SUMMARY:

One mile run—Eash, I., 1st; McKenny, W., 2d; Emanuel, W., 3d. Time, 4.49½.

Pole vault—Miller, W., Pifer, W., Boyle, N. D., tied for first at 9 feet 9 inches.

40 yard dash—Smithson, N. D., 1st; Keach, N. D., 2d; Hargrave, W., 3d. Time, .04 3-5.

40 yard high hurdles—Scales, N. D., 1st; Smithson, N. D., 2d; Miller, W., 3d. 5 2-5.

High jump—Yelch, I., 1st; Scales, N. D., 2d; McDonough, N. D., Coolman, I., 3d. 5 feet 5 inches.

Quarter mile run—Blair, W., 1st; Sohl, W., 2d; Schmidt, N. D., 3d. Time, 54 seconds.

Broad jump—Sparks, W., 1st; Yelch, I., 2d; Scales, N. D., 3d. 19 feet 8½ inches.

Half-mile run—Patton, W., 1st; Keefe, N. D., 2d; Emanuel disqualified for 3d. Time, 2. 05½.

Shot put—Brown, W., 1st; Woods, N. D., 2d; Berve, N. D., 3d. Distance, 37 feet 7 inches.

40-yard low hurdles—Smithson, N. D., 1st; Scales, N. D., 2d; Johnson, I., 3d. Time, .05 Flat.

Two mile run—Eash, I., 1st; McKenny, W., 2d; Carr, I., 3d. Time, 10.52.

Relay race won by Wabash—Blair, Sohl, Hargrave and Sparks.

* *

BROWNSON, 71; SOUTH BEND HIGH SCHOOL, 28.

South Bend High School got in wrong when they tackled Brownson Hall's track team last Saturday, for "Jim" O'Leary and his "gang" simply ran the high school boys to death, and defeated them in a dual meet by the score of 71 to 28.

O'Leary was easily the star, capturing the shot put with a put of forty feet, travelling the 220 in 25 flat, and walking away from the field in the 440 with ease.

Howard carried away second honors by winning the high jump, the low hurdles and second place in the high hurdles. Washburn had little trouble in defeating the South Bend lads in the half-mile and mile, and the manner by which he ran the two races marks him as a "comer."

The "Pride of the Hall," Hague, won second in the shot put and third in the 40-yard low hurdles and "ran some" in the 40-yard dash, 40-yard high hurdles and 440-yard dash.

Murray and Coffey took the first two places in the dash. Roth made a very creditable leap in the broad jump doing 19 feet one half inches on his first attempt.

Parker was the expert performer for the High School, winning the high hurdles and running second to Howard of Brownson in the low.

SUMMARY:

40-yard dash—Murray, South Bend, 1st; Coffey, South Bend, 2d; Stedman, South Bend, 3d. 5 seconds.

40-yard low hurdles—Howard, Brownson, 1st; Parker, South Bend, 2d; Hague, Brownson, 3d. Time, 5 4-5 seconds.

Broad Jump—Roth, S. B., 1st; Buechner, S. B., 2d; Stedman, S. B., 3d. Distance, 19 feet ½ in.

Half-mile run—Washburn, S. B., 1st; Sternburg, S. B., 2d; Roth, S. B., 3d.

220-yard dash—O'Leary, S. B., 1st; Romine, S. B., 2d; Stedman, S. B., 3d.

Shot put (12 lb)—O'Leary, S. B., 1st; Hagne, S. B., 2d; Buechner, S. B., 3d.

High Jump—Howard, S. B., 1st; Romine, S. B., 2d; Buechner, S. B., 3d.

440-yard dash—O'Leary, S. B., 1st; Callahan, S. B., 2d; Sternburg, S. B., 3d. Time, 6 2½.

40 yard high-hurdles—Parker, S. B., 1st; Howard, B., 2d; Hague, B., 3d. Time, 6 2 5 sec.

Pole vault—Kelly and Murray, B., tied for 1st; O. Romine, 3d. Height, 8 feet.

Mile run—Washburn, B., 1st; L. Romine, S. P., 2d; Roth, B., 3d. Time, 5:35.

Relay race (¾ mile), 4 men—O'Leary, Callahan, Coffey, Roth.

* *

NOTES OF THE MEET.

That makes twice that Smithson has run the low hurdles in 5 flat this season. And we are expecting things of him when the team gets outdoors.

* *

"Us Rooters" are still confident that our "Jim" can beat Patton in the half-mile, and we have a little lump that comes up every now and then when we think that had

Keefe won the half-mile, Notre Dame would have won the meet.

* *

Long John Scales "was there" when he defeated Smithson in the high hurdles and stepped over the sticks in 5 2-5.

* *

Cripe was up against a fast man in the quarter and ran himself all in, but to be defeated by Blair is by no means a disgrace, as he is one of the best quarter-milers in the West.

* *

Indiana made a strong bid for the relay race, and for a few minutes it looked as though they were going to win the event.

* *

There were two world's record men walking around the Gym just like ordinary men during the meet. Chas. Kilpatrick U. of W., holder of the world's record for the half-mile, acted as starter, and Leroy Sampse, Coach of Indiana, holds the world's record for the pole vault.

* *

Graham made a game attempt to run the mile, but his knee has been troubling him and he was compelled to quit.

* *

"Red" Boyle showed the proper spirit in the pole vault, he could not win the event himself, but he did not let any one else win it.

* *

Keach upset the dope in the 40-yard dash by running a close second to Smithson. Leroy is supposed to be a hundred-yard man, and unable to get going in the 40, but he was "going some" in this event.

* *

The rooters' spirits went down a bit Friday when it was learned that "Jerry" Sheehan had quitted the camp and gone out into the big world. We are very sorry to lose you, Jer, and had hoped to see a repetition of last year's work. Good luck, "Bud," you were big, and made good at Notre Dame. We prophesy it of you wherever you go.
R. L. B.

Personals.

—Mr. George M. Anson is the Mayor of Merrill, Wisconsin. George is keenly interested in all that concerns the University, and has recently shown this interest in a practical way.

—Mr. William Higgins (student '03,) once a redoubtable twirler on the Varsity baseball team is now a member of the State Legislature in Massachusetts. Bill can be counted on to play straight ball for the people of Massachusetts.

—We have received word from J. P. Felan, (student '02-'03-'04) who has a position at the U. S. Infantry and Cavalry School and Staff College, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Felan will be especially remembered by the Sorin Cadets, which body he drilled for some time. Recently he was entered as one of six hundred contestants in a translation, in stenography and merited third place.

—In a letter recently received at the University, Mr. Opie Reed, the well-known novelist, writes "Of my visit to your great seat of learning, I hold a delightful memory. Out and away from the world of greed, pure, simple, sweet, the very air was of a higher and nobler life." Needless to say, Mr. Reed left behind him impressions as pleasant as those he took away.

—It is not generally known that Judge Ben Lindsey of Denver, who has attained to national reputation through the creation of his Juvenile Court, was for two years a Minim at Notre Dame. The Judge was strong in elocution work, and got the medal of his year for it. He is remembered as a manly little fellow, and he remembers old friends at the University very kindly. Judge Lindsey is scheduled to lecture at the University.

Obituary Notice.

The University regrets to chronicle the death of the father of Francis C. Derrick, classical '08. Mr. Derrick's death came as a surprise to all, and deep sorrow is felt for the bereaved family. The University and class of '08 extend to the afflicted relatives their sincerest sympathies.

Local Items.

—The "charmed circle" had doings in town, but there has been such a babble and hubbub about these people that, like the Thaw trial, we're tired of it.

—St. Patrick's Day was very quiet at Notre Dame this year. In the morning Solemn High Mass was celebrated, and a sermon on Ireland's Patron Saint was delivered by Father McGarry. There was much green in evidence, but otherwise there was little of the usual jollity which marks the day.

—Corby defeated Elkhart High School last week—51 to 14. Werder was the star for Corby, having thirteen field goals to his credit. Frauenheim also played well. Riblet did most of the scoring for Elkhart, but his team-mates were not fast enough to follow his example. A feature of the game was the enthusiastic rooting of the High School girls.

Line-Up.		
Corby		Elkhart
Frauenheim	F	Riblet
Heyl	F	Thomas
Werder	C	Wahle
Krost	G	Davis
Schwab	G	Smith
Field goals—Werder, 13; Frauenheim, 4; Heyl, 7; Krost, 1; Riblet, 4; Thomas, 1; Smith, 1. Goals from foul—Werder, 1; Riblet, 2.		

—Thursday evening, March 14, the Brownson Literary and Debating Society held a preliminary debate for the purpose of choosing an interhall team. The question discussed was: The Municipal Ownership of Public Utilities. The participants were Messrs. S. Graham, F. Wood and C. Sack for the affirmative; Messrs. P. Depew, J. Condon, D. McDonald, R. Coffey, F. Holleran and C. Rowlands for the negative. The judges Father Quinlan and Professors O'Hara and Schwab awarded first place to Mr. D. McDonald, second to Mr. S. Graham, third to Mr. F. Holleran. The alternatives were Messrs. J. Condon and C. Rowlands. The readers of the SCHOLASTIC are well acquainted with Mr. McDonald and his effective style of oratory. Mr. Graham was very strong in his main speech and exceedingly clever in his rebuttal. M. Holleran's English was beautiful and his delivery eloquent and pleasing. Messrs. R. Coffey and C. Sack deserve mention for good argument and F. Wood, on his main speech which was impromptu. The new team is composed of excellent speakers, and Brownsonites feel confident that they will be worthily represented in the coming interhall debates.